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McKean County Miner.

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SMETHPORT 11, COUDERSPORT 1.

Our Team Easily Defeats Leek Diggers in Exhibition Game Tuesday.

HICKS TRIM THE INDIANS 9 TO 6.

Two Interesting Games—Keefer Gets Another Homer.

HOW THE CLUBS STAND.

	Played	Won	Lost	Per Ct.
Coudersport	4	4	0	1.000
Austin	5	4	1	.800
Smethport	4	3	1	.750
Port Allegany	5	1	4	.200
Eldred	6	1	5	.167
Olean	2	0	2	.000

At Kane field Tuesday afternoon the Ringsters showed the Leek Diggers what to expect from now on when they come together in game, by doing them up to the tune of 11 to 1 in a very cleanly played game. Our team was first at bat and this is how it was:

First inning. Tull struck out, Bell made a single, Studholme sacrificed and Keefer punched one into deep water for a home run which netted us two earned runs. Servatius followed with a single and Fuller went out to pitcher. Johnson opened for the visitors with a hit but was caught at second on fielder's choice. Holland struck out and Blair batted one to Keefer.

Second. Old Hoss Young made a single and was caught at second on Andrews' liner to pitcher. Blair got McCabe's foul fly. Tull drew four bad ones and Bell fanned out. Moffat made a single and went to third on Andrew's error. Parish singled and Allen drew four balls. The next three went out on flies to Servatius, Keefer and Bell. Score: Smethport 2, Coudersport 1.

Studholme fanned, Keefer went out on a fly to center, Servatius singled, went to second on Clark's error, Fuller sent Servatius to third with a single but Young fanned, retiring the side. Moran got a single but was doubled on Holland's ground hit to Bell. Blair reached first on Bell's error and Moffat went out on a grounder to Bell.

Fourth. Andrews fanned, McCabe got a single, Tull drew four, Bell could not find it but the hits of Studholme and Keefer and an error at third netted three runs. Servatius retired the side by batting to pitcher, Servatius caught Parish's fly, Keefer picked up Allen's grounder, Drake reached first on Studholm's error and went around on Tull's high throw of Clark's grounder, but Keefer threw Drake out at the plate.

Fifth. Here the Ringsters broke Clark's heart. Fuller compassionately struck out. Young, Andrews and McCabe made singles, Tull rolled one up to first, Bell hit safely and Studholme hit out a two bagger, Keefer drew four and, after four had crossed the plate, Servatius batted out to pitcher. A fly to Keefer and ground balls to Studholme and Tull retired the side.

Sixth. Pitcher Drake took the rubber in place of Clark and Fuller, Young and Andrews went out on flies. Fuller picked up Blair's short hit and flies to Studholme and McCabe made the three.

Seventh. McCabe struck out, Tull batted to pitcher, Bell drew four balls, Studholme got a single and Keefer fanned. Three men faced Fuller.

Eighth. Servatius reached first by striking at one the catcher could not stop, Fuller got a single, Young and Andrews fanned, McCabe singled, scoring Duke, Tull went up on balls and Holland scooped Bell's line drive and threw him out at first. Johnson struck out and Moran and Holland retired on grounders to Studholme and Bell.

Ninth. Studholme watched three strikes pass over, Drake got Keefer's grounder, Servatius got two bags on Holland's error and scored on Moran's error on Fuller's duster. Moffat caught Fuller at second on Young's grounder. McCabe made a nice run and nailed Blair's long hit, Moffat went out on a ground ball to Studholme, Parish made a hit and took second on a passed ball, but Allen batted to Keefer and thus ended the game. Smethport 11, Coudersport 1.

Following is the tabulated score:

SMETHPORT	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Tull, 3d	3	2	0	0	1	1
Bell, ss	5	2	2	2	4	1
Studholme, 2d	5	1	3	2	4	1
Keefer, 1st	5	1	2	15	1	0
Servatius, cf	6	2	3	2	0	0
Fuller, p	6	0	2	0	3	0
Young, c	6	1	2	4	0	0
Andrews, rf	5	1	1	0	0	1
McCabe, lf	5	2	3	1	0	0
Totals	46	11	17	27	18	4

COUDERSPORT	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Johnson, 1st	4	0	1	8	0	0
Moran, 3d	4	0	1	1	0	2
Holland, 2d	4	0	0	0	3	1
Blair, cf	4	0	0	18	0	0
Moffat, ss	4	1	1	1	0	0
Parish, lf	4	0	2	1	0	0
Allen, cf	3	0	0	2	0	0
Drake, p-rf	3	0	0	0	2	0
Clark, p-rf	3	0	0	0	4	1
Totals	33	1	5	27	7	4

Score by innings:

Smethport	2	0	0	3	4	0	0	1	1	—11
Coudersport	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—1

Earned runs—Smethport 5.
Stolen bases—Andrews, Studholme, Bell.
Home run—Keefer.
Two base hit—Studholme.
Double play—Bell to Studholme to Keefer.
Bases on balls—off Fuller 1, off Clark 3, off Drake 2.
Struck out—by Fuller 2, by Clark 7, by Drake 5.
Passed balls—Blair 2, Young 1.
Time of game—1:30.
Umpire—Morrison.

AUSTIN 9; PORT ALLEGANY 6.

One of the largest crowds that ever gathered in this county to see a ball game was on the Port Allegany grounds last Friday afternoon to see the Austin Hicks and the Indians struggle for supremacy and league honors. Austin came down with nearly 300 rooters, a band and a barrel of money and the Canoe Place rooters closed the business places and took their cash drawers to the fair grounds. It proved to be a disastrous game for the Indians and Austin carried away between $500 and $1,000 that night.

The Indians had everything their own way until the seventh inning. At the beginning of this inning the score stood Indians 6, Hicks 1, but the Hicks began to hit and at the end of this inning they led the Indians by one run. In the ninth Austin made two more, thus beating the Indians by a score of 9 to 6.

Following is the tabulated score:

PORT ALLEGANY	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Thompson, 3d	5	1	1	0	0	2
Daniels, ss	3	2	0	2	6	2
Francisco, 1st	4	1	1	7	0	0
Fenner, c	3	0	1	9	0	0
G. Studholme, lf	5	1	2	1	0	0
Merritt, 2d	5	1	3	4	2	0
Rogers, rf	3	0	0	1	0	0
Rokaw, cf	5	0	1	1	0	0
Bennet, p	5	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	38	6	9	25	8	4

AUSTIN	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
A. Swain, lf	4	2	2	3	1	0
McNamara, 2d	5	0	0	1	2	0
F. Swain, ss	4	3	2	2	3	0
Fredericks, p	4	2	2	0	0	1
Helfenman, 3d	5	1	2	1	3	1
Rooney, rf	4	0	0	2	1	0
O'Brien, cf	4	0	0	1	0	0
Page, 1st	4	0	0	4	0	0
Sasse, c	4	1	1	7	0	0
Totals	38	9	11	27	7	2

Score by innings:

Austin	1	0	0	0	1	0	5	2	—9	
Port Allegany	1	0	0	2	2	0	0	0	—6	

Struck out—by Bennet 11, by Fredericks 7.
Base on balls—off Fredericks 2.
Hit by pitched ball—by Fredericks 1.
Wild pitch—Bennet.
Passed balls—Benson 3.
Umpire—Norton.

AUSTIN 17; ELDRED 6.

At Austin yesterday the home team administered a severe trouncing to the Eldred aggregation and thereby taking second position in the percentage column. The score was 17 to 6. To-day Eldred plays at Coudersport and with Fred McFall in the box it is expected and likewise hoped that they may succeed in checking the Leek Diggers in their mad and triumphant career.

BATTING AND FIELDING AVERAGES.

We append the batting and fielding averages of members of the Smethport team in the four league games played to date. Servatius leads the team and the league in hitting with the excellent average of .455. Tull and Fuller are the only others batting above .300. The team batting average is .241 and the fielding average is but .660. Yet with this poor showing we have won three of the four games played. The boys are improving daily, however and we confidently expect to see the league "rag" waving in the breezes at Kane Field at the close of the season. The individual averages follow:

	Games	A.	B.	R.	H.	Ave
Servatius	4	22	4	9		.455
Tull	2	12	3	4		.333
Fuller	4	16	5	5		.313
Young	4	18	2	5		.282
Keefer	4	20	7	5		.250
Studholme	4	16	7	5		.250
McCabe	3	14	3	3		.214
Denning	4	17	6	3		.176
Torrence	3	13	2	2		.154
Sasse	1	4	3	0		.000
Bell	1	3	2	0		.000
Andrews	2	10	1	0		.000

In the fielding averages the veteran Tom Young roosts upon the topmost perch, having accepted 29 chances without a single misplay. Servatius also got through the four games without a slip. Here are the averages:

	Games	P.O.	A.	E.	Ave.
Young, c	4	27	2	0	1,000
Servatius, p-r f	4	4	4	0	1,000
Andrews, r f	2	2	0	0	1,000
Bell, ss	1	0	1	0	1,000
Studholme, ss-3b	4	13	8	1	.950
Keefer, 1b	4	34	1	2	.946
Fuller, p	4	2	8	1	.909
Tull, ss-3b	2	2	5	1	.875
Torrence, lf	3	4	0	2	.667
Sasse, 2b	1	0	2	1	.667
McCabe, 3b	3	2	3	3	.625
Denning, cf	4	2	0	2	.500

One Boy Shoots Another.

Floyd Heath, aged about twelve years, shot Earl Lyman, aged about ten years, in the fleshy part of the leg above the knee last Monday evening. These boys, with a number of companions, were playing around a tent and campfire back of Fred Lyman's house when the accident happened. Young Heath had an old revolver which he drew from his pocket during the play. In some way the weapon was discharged and after glancing the bullet buried itself in Lyman's leg. As soon as the accident happened the boys ran for a doctor and the little fellow's wounds were soon dressed. It is not expected that the wound will incur any permanent injury. This should be a warning against small boys carrying firearms.

For Sale.

One oak dining table, six leather upholstered dining chairs and an oak side board or buffet. For particulars apply to F. G. Lindholm.

KILLED BY A FREIGHT TRAIN.

Meets Death on P., S. & N. R. R. Near Clermont Saturday Night.

ALEXANDER JOHNSON THE VICTIM.

His Body Terribly Mangled—Found Sunday Morning—No Inquest Necessary.

A woodman, who was walking along the P., S. & N. tracks about two miles from Clermont, in the direction of St. Marys last Sunday morning, discovered the body of a man lying on the tracks. The body was so badly mangled that at first it could not be recognized.

The man who had made the discovery came to Clermont and the county commissioners were notified, who in turn notified Coroner Hall of Bradford, and Dr. Hall and Commissioner W. P. Walsh drove to the scene of the accident and examined the remains.

His face was covered with blood and his entire body was cut and mangled, but after his face was washed he was thought to be Alexander Johnson, a Swedish woodsman, aged 27 years, who lived at a camp near Straight. His brother, a jobber for Quinn & Sherman, was notified and when he arrived he identified his brother and took charge of the remains, after Coroner Hall came to the conclusion that an inquest was unnecessary.

How the accident happened is not known, but it is supposed that Johnson was walking along the track from Clermont to his home when he was run down by a freight train which leaves Clermont about 11 p.m. He was seen in Clermont about 8 o'clock that evening, but it is not known whether he got on to the late passenger train on the P., S. & N. or started to walk home.

He was generally a sober and industrious young man who was well liked by his friends and fellow workmen. Besides a brother he leaves a wife to mourn his sudden death.

Death of James R. Hackett.

It becomes our sad duty to chronicle the death of our old friend, James R. Hackett, of Keating township, who died at his residence in Stickles Hollow, at about 5 p. m. Wednesday, July 15, 1903. Heart failure and old age were the causes of his death. His malady dates back for 20 years or more, but he has been remarkably active for one of his age, he being 84 years, 7 months and 21 days old.

The deceased was born in Oxford, Chenango county, N. Y., November 24, 1818, where he resided until about the year 1848, when he came to Ceres to work for Mr. King, where he worked more or less for about three years. From there he went to the foot of Ostrander hill where he and his brother, Frank, took up a tract of land, now known as the Ostrander farm, which they worked on for one year and then sold out, he coming to the farm where he died in Stickles Hollow. Mr. Hackett had many exciting experiences in the early days and when in a reminiscent mood enjoyed telling of them to his many friends.

He was united in marriage to Miss Harriet Eliza Gifford on April 30, 1852, and the fruits of this union were four children, two of whom survive, namely George W. of this borough and Judson of Keating township, who with two sisters of the deceased, Mrs. P. S. Griswold of Dale, Wis., and Mrs. J. Rheinwald of Borchville, N. Y., one brother, Frank Hackett of Kennedy, N. Y., six grandchildren and four great grandchildren and many relatives and friends mourn the death of this most estimable man.

Mr. Hackett was a conscientious member of the Baptist church, who lived an honorable and upright life. He was a Republican in politics and always took an active part in electing men of his choice. He was kind and of a generous disposition which made him many friends throughout this section.

The funeral services were held at his late home at 1 o'clock last Friday afternoon, Rev. P. S. Calvin of the Baptist church officiating. A large concourse of friends and relatives followed his remains to their last resting place in Rose Hill cemetery.

Charged With Serious Crime.

Gus Matterson, aged about 45 years, was arrested at Aiken on Tuesday, charged with criminal assault on Florence Thorn, aged 13 years. He was brought to jail Tuesday and on Wednesday had a hearing before Justice B. L. Knapp. The evidence against Matterson was somewhat conflicting, but after considerable deliberation Mr. Knapp decided to hold the defendant and he was remanded to jail to await trial at the October term of criminal court.

The best lawn sprinkler on the market. Only $1.15. J. C. HAMLIN.

Redfield has a 5-ply, guaranteed garden hose for 10c. a foot.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

Married, in Bradford, November 16, 1868, by the Rev. W. W. Strickland of Prentissvale, Mr. Frank A. Newell to Miss Florence A. Petersen, both of Bradford, Pa.

In Lafayette, at the residence of Dea. James Bond, October 8, 1868, by H. B. Hart, Mr. Chas. H. Cuningham of Canada West to Miss Louise E. Gates of Lafayette.

Don't advertise; it is a very bad plan. It will call attention to your business and it is much better for people who wish to trade with you to hunt you up. It gives your customers exercise and makes them healthy. Besides if you advertise somebody will buy up all your goods and then you will have to get more and that will be a great bore to you.

Rev. C. Cornforth converted himself from a clergyman into a lumberman in short notice the other day by purchasing half of H. D. Ault's mill property. Look out for a rush of business hereafter around these premises. The property is undoubtedly a valuable one as there is no better water power in this section.

On Tuesday last while Tulsom Ferris of Farmers Valley was hunting in the Cole creek country in this county he came upon a doe and two fawns. One of the fawns he did not see until after he had discharged his gun. He got himself in range of two only as he supposed and fired, the ball passing through the windpipe of the first fawn and through what are known by hunters as the small entrails of the doe and then into the shoulder of the second fawn, fracturing the same. The one shot brought down the three deer, neither of them running more than twelve rods from the spot where they were shot. Who can beat that shooting?

Married, in Amity, December 6, 1868, by Rev. S. D. Morris, Mr. Geo. Kinney to Miss Sarah Evans, all of Amity, Pa. The printers were made the recipients of a nice cake, for which the happy couple have their best wishes for their future happiness and prosperity.

In Norwich, December 24, 1868, by the Rev. R. K. Pierce, Mr. A. W. Colegrove to Miss Ella L. Burdick, all of Norwich township, Pa.

Pursuant to notice of a public meeting of those interested in the Northern Railroad and Navigation Company the commissioners of said company with others met at the court house on Saturday, Dec. 19, and proceeded to organize the meeting by electing S. D. Hamlin as chairman and Thomas King as secretary. The chairman opened the meeting by stating the object to be the policy of opening books for subscriptions to the capital stock of the Northern Railroad and Navigation Company and in a few well timed remarks expressed himself in favor of it. Other speakers followed and the subject was thoroughly and ably discussed, particularly so by S. A. Backus and Capt. L. Rogers, both of which gentlemen thought the interests of the community required the books to be opened at once. The following resolutions were offered and unanimously agreed to:

Resolved, That books for subscriptions to the capital stock of the Northern Railroad and Navigation Company be opened at the Prothonotary's office in Smethport on Tuesday, the 19th day of January next, at one o'clock p. m., and that legal notice thereof be given by publication in the McKEAN MINER and St. Marys Railroad Gazette.

Resolved, That the chairman notify Mr. Edward R. Biddle, chairman of the late railroad meeting in New York, of the proceedings of this meeting.

Married, in Bradford, Pa., Dec. 26, 1868, by Rev. Job Miller, Capt. P. M. Fuller to Mrs. E. A. Drake, all of Bradford. The printer was remembered, having been made the recipient of a greenback. That happiness and prosperity may ever attend them is our earnest wish.

Died, in Farmers Valley, December 22, 1868, Hon. Joseph Otto, in the 91st year of his age. Mr. Otto is the last of the pioneers or first settlers of McKean county. He came into this county in 1810, then an unbroken wilderness, and the next year, with five others, moved in with their families and located where Farmers Valley now is, their nearest neighbors being 25 miles distant, through a dense forest without even a path. While others became discouraged and left the country he remained, being determined to sustain the settlement, make himself a home and grow up with the country; and for many years he endured all the privations and hardships of a pioneer life. When the county became sufficiently populated it was organized and county courts having been established, Mr. Otto was appointed an associate judge, which position with many others of responsibility he filled with honor and credit to himself, enjoying the respect and confidence of a large circle of friends and acquaintances and leading for many years before his death an exemplary Christian life.

Poultry netting at J. C. Hamlin's.

POPE LEO XIII PASSES AWAY.

His Death Came Monday Afternoon at 4:04 O'Clock Roman Time.

BODY TO LIE IN STATE NINE DAYS.

The Last of a Noble Man—Sketch of His Grand Career.

Pope Leo XIII is dead. The last flicker of his noble life expired at four minutes past four o'clock Monday afternoon and the Pontiff now lies at rest.

The period of over two weeks that Pope Leo passed in the shadow of death was no less wonderful than his life. His splendid battle against disease was watched the world over with sympathetic admiration and ended only after a series of tremendous efforts to conquer the weakness of his aged frame by the marvelous will power of his mind. The pleuro-pneumonia with which His Holiness had been suffering was scarcely so responsible for his death as that inevitable decay of tissue which ensues upon 93 years of life.

On Tuesday the Sacred College of Cardinals assembled and with the ancient and impressive ceremony pronounced Pope Leo dead. After this and function was performed the body was taken to the small throne room adjoining the death chamber and embalmed. The funeral services will extend over the nine days the remains being removed to the Cathedral of St. Peters, there to lie in state. The ultimate resting place of the dead Pontiff will be in the magnificent Basilica of St. John of Lateran.

Pope Leo's final moments were marked by that same serenity and devotion and when he was conscious, that calm intelligence which marked his 25 years pontificate. His was no easy death. An hour before he died, turning to Dr. Lapponi, and his devoted valet, Pio Centra, he murmured, "The pain I suffer is most terrible." Yet his parting words were not of the physical anguish that he suffered, but were whispered benedictions upon the cardinals and his nephews, who knelt at his bedside and the last look of his almost sightless eyes was towards the great ivory crucifix hanging in the death chamber. Nearly all the cardinals now in Rome knelt at the bedside, watched the passage of his soul. Earlier in the day Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli had impressively pronounced the absolution in articulo mortis. The condition of His Holiness varied from agony to coma.

LEO XIII.

Few men have left a greater or more lasting impress upon the age in which they lived than did Leo XIII., who has just passed away at the Vatican, exhibiting in his closing hours such physical vitality, mental vigor, moral courage and spiritual serenity as come rarely in human experience.

Pope Leo's place in history will be with that of the greatest and most benignant of the Roman pontiffs. It may be doubted if any of those who were before him the mantle of St. Peter ever succeeded in captivating the imagination and interest of the civilized world as did the late pope. None of the valiant old men of his generation—neither Gladstone nor Bismarck—made such a wonderful impression as did the aged Leo. He possessed a marvelous individuality, which was heightened by his remarkable vigor and tenacity in old age. At ninety, when he gave Benjamin Constant a sitting for his portrait, the French painter was astonished at the brilliancy of his intellect. Yet with serene poise and strength he passed on for three years more to his jubilee, retaining for more than a quarter of a century that papal power which it was supposed, was conferred for only a short time upon a feeble old man in 1878. He proved one of the strongest in physical endurance as well

(Continued on last page)

ELLIS GRIFFITH DROPS DEAD.

An Aged Citizen of Norwich Dies Suddenly at Crosby.

Ellis Griffith, aged about 80 years, dropped dead at Crosby Monday evening. Heart disease is given as the cause of his death.

Mr. Griffith had been staying at Smethport for several days prior to his death. He started Monday evening presumably for his home at Norwich Corners but left the train at Crosby. His death followed shortly after.

Wm. Brewer of Norwich came to Smethport late Monday night and notified the authorities of the sudden death. An order of relief was issued by Justice B. L. Knapp and the remains were taken in charge of the county, although the burial took place at Norwich.

Mr. Griffith was widely known throughout this part of the country. He drove a stage and carried mail in this vicinity in early days for many years. During the past few years he lived alone in a small house at Norwich Corners, in spite of the efforts of friends to provide a more comfortable home for him. Although his financial affairs are not very well known it is thought Mr. Griffith possessed some property. He leaves a son who resides in Philadelphia.

Clay Bird Shoot at Kane.

Wednesday and Thursday of this week were banner days for the Kane Sportsmen's Club, being the occasion of their third annual tournament, which was held on the Ryan farm.

The weather was fine and the attendance large.

A number of crack shots from out of town competed.

Mr. Crosby won high average among the professionals, making 337 out of a possible 360.

Dr. R. L. Williams won amateur high average with 325 out of 360.

The score for two days is appended:

	First day	Second day	Total
	Shot at	Shot at	
Gilbert	180	180	360
Ferford	172	146	318
Hall	156	162	318
Crosby	177	175	352
Stevens	167	167	334
Beyers	178	178	356
Kerr	168	167	335
Crandall	168	169	337
Brown	161	176	337
Dillon	166	159	325
Dr. Williams	168	157	325
Sheldon	152	144	296
Crocker	161	173	334
Stanley	160	160	320
Squires	158	159	317
Bristow	149	154	303
Kelley	153	164	317
White	147	154	301
Coiner	122	102	224
J. Williams	152	148	300
Risher	143		143
Rardin	141	124	265
Kellogg	150	142	292
Parmum	76	68	144
Larson	70	59	129
Gillis	76	60	136
Kent	15	10	25
Goodwin	60	47	107
Day		180	180
Armstrong		165	165
Carpenter		75	75
Carlson		75	75
Millen	150	150	300
Leyer	100	97	197
Professionals.			

The handsome trophy offered as a prize by the Kane Sporting Goods Co. was won by the Kane team.—Kane Leader.

Doings on the Shawmut.

On Sunday two of the work trains and the steam shovel, which have been in active service on this branch of the P., S. & N. R. R., were taken to Angelica, N. Y., where they will be used for the next thirty days between that place and Hornellsville. At the end of this time they will be brought back here to finish the grading of the road between Clermont and Larabee.

One work train and a large force of Italians still remain on this branch. They are distributing and putting in new rails and ties. New Georgia pine ties will be put in on the entire branch and much heavier rails will be laid.

The grade of the road between Crosskins crossing and Coryville has been raised from three to ten feet in places where it was needed and when the ballasting is finished it will be as smooth a piece of road as can be found on many trunk lines.

One More Case of Small Pox.

It appears that we are to have at least one more case of small pox. Mrs. G. M. Fenstermaker, who was exposed to the contagion prior to a correct diagnosis of Mrs. Engstrom's case, was taken down yesterday, and is now under a strict quarantine at the Engstrom home, says the Mt. Jewett Herald.

The private apartments of the Fenstermakers are in the Oberg building adjoining those of the Engstroms, and the authorities have moved Mrs. Fenstermaker to the rooms occupied by the latter, where she will be nursed by Mrs. Engstrom, who has completely recovered from the disease.

The others who have been under quarantine, have passed the stage where the disease must develop if contaminated, and have been removed to the country.

The Fenstermaker rooms have been fumigated and sealed up.

Dr. Burg Chadwick.

Dr. Burg Chadwick has his office over the Palace Pharmacy where he will be pleased to meet all his old patients and friends. Prompt attention given to calls day or night.

Don't be Behind Time.

Buy now, your Fruit Jars, Can Rubbers, Preserving Kettles, Berry Pails, Baskets and Measures. A complete line on hand at Holmes & Gilfillan's

JOHN HAMPTON'S BARREL...

By CYRUS DERICKSON

Copyright, 1905, by T. C. McClure.

History will some day do justice to John Hampton and his barrel. Two or three different persons have gone over Niagara falls in a barrel and claimed to be the sole and only originator of the idea, but the fact is incontestible that John Hampton had his barrel prepared twenty years before the country heard of it from any other source. If he did not go over the falls amid the cheers of a vast crowd and bob around in the whirlpool until drawn ashore it was because he had other and more agreeable business on hand.

John Hampton was an old bachelor, living on a farm just outside of the village of Orion, when the Widow Davis came to live on the farm adjoining. He did not fall in love with her at first sight. The feeling came slowly and gradually, like an old shoe getting ready to fall down. As a neighbor he had lent and borrowed a hundred times, and as a neighbor he had dropped in and talked over farm matters two or three times a week for six months before it dawned upon him that he was in love. If John had fallen in love with a girl he would have proceeded in the orthodox fashion, but as the person was a widow and as he had read that the way to capture a widow was to strike straight from the shoulder, within thirty-six hours he appeared before her and bluntly said:

"Widder, I love you. Will you marry me?"

"No, sir, I won't" was the equally blunt reply. Then John realized that the straight from the shoulder business was a fraud and a delusion. He took up his hat and walked off. Under the circumstances the widow could excuse him for taking a short cut across the garden and trampling over her cucumbers and uprooting her onions.

"ROLL THAT BARREL UNDER THE WAGON SHED," SAID THE WIDOW.

It was a week before he could yell at his oxen in his usual enthusiastic way. Then he woke up to the fact that he still lived and loved and that there was hope for him if he worked things right. It was a lightning rod man who finally gave him the tip.

"Never try to rush a widder," was the sage advice given him by the man of thunderstorms. "A widder can neither be rushed like you'd buy a cow nor courted as if she were a love sick girl. You've got to get her sympathy first."

Three days after the news reached the Widow Davis that John was in bed as the result of an interview with a wandering bull. The bull hadn't quite killed him, but he was unconscious and using his name at intervals of two or three minutes. The widow sent him a freshly killed chicken and a tumbler of currant jelly and hoped he would soon recover. John chuckled as he realized that he had made a fair start on the new programme. At the end of a week he limped over to receive her sympathies and congratulations, and the future looked rosy for him. Two weeks later he was in bed again. As told to the widow, he had slid off the roof of his barn and struck the earth with a thud that was heard for a mile around. He had cried out for her name when falling, and her name was the first word to pass his lips when he finally opened his eyes.

During the week John Hampton was in bed he was the recipient of several messages of condolence and several dishes prepared by the widow's own hands, and when he got out again he figured that his chances had improved 50 per cent. Encouraged by this feeling, he limped over to the Widow Davis and again asked for her hand and heart, but again he was turned down. She was sorry for him, and she hoped he would find some one to love him, but she felt that the best she could do was to be a sister to him. It wasn't a lightning rod man, but a sewing machine agent, to whom John Hampton turned for advice on this second occasion, and he couldn't have done better.

"Why, it's as easy as rolling off a log," replied the man when the facts were in his possession.

During the next four days the Widow Davis heard various reports concerning the man for whom she had a sisterly affection. He looked and acted strangely, and his friends feared suicide; he had given an order to the village cooper for a big barrel and would not explain its intended use.

One day things came to a climax. John Hampton drove up to the widow's house with his barrel in the wagon. It was an overgrown, swell front barrel—a barrel big enough to furnish shelter to a yearling calf. The staves had been painted blue and the hoops red, and it looked as if it had just escaped from a circus. The widow glanced from the barrel to John and paled a little. If the barrel looked "circusy" John looked desperate, and she realized that the two were concerned in some desperate enterprise.

"Widder Davis," began the man as he looked straight into her eyes, "my love has been rejected. There is nothing left for me but death and I am going to die like a man."

"(—I wouldn't," she replied as she looked at the barrel and wondered what part it was to play in the tragedy.

"But I will. I am going to Niagara Falls. When I get there I am going to be barreled up and sent over the falls to my death. There will be thousands to ask why I want to die. When I enter that barrel your name shall be on my lips. I shall remember the custard pie, the currant jelly, the spring chicken and the rice pudding, and bless you for your kindness. May I hope that you will think of me when I am floating around?"

John had repeated this little speech a hundred times, over during the last two days, and he got it off without a break. It touched the widow's heart just as the sewing machine agent said it would. She blushed and looked this way and that and finally said:

"I was wanting a vinegar barrel this fall and meant to ask you to get me one next time you went to town."

"A dead man can't be hunting up vinegar barrels."

"But a live one can," replied the widow with a smile. "I think, John—I think"—

"What do you think, Lucy?"

"I think you'd better roll that barrel under the wagon shed and leave it here. I like the color of it and I'm sure it will hold vinegar enough to last us two or three years."

"Us!" exclaimed John as he clambered out of the wagon.

"Did I say us? Well, we'll have to let it go at that. As I was saying, it's a very nice barrel and when I think of it going over Niagara falls to be all smashed up and lost, of course"—

"Why, of course," said the sewing machine man when he came that way again.

Teaching Parrots to Talk.

In reply to the query, "How do you teach parrots to talk?" a bird dealer said:

"I allow my parrots some proportion of their native food—bananas, palm nuts and the like. I begin by instructing them to pronounce one word, allowing them two days to master it, and gradually increasing their vocabulary to three or four words. I then make sentences of words that are easily joined together. It takes a male bird at most two weeks to master half a dozen short sentences in one language. The females are not so quick at grasping a word or sentence as the males are, and so they require a day or two more of tuition.

"In teaching a parrot an important secret is to demonstrate the meaning of the word or sentence if possible, so that it will seem to speak intelligently. For instance, pulling a newspaper from my pocket, I will say 'What's the news?' or, taking out my watch, 'What's the time?' The parrot will soon learn to suit the word to the action.

"In teaching the bird to greet a visitor on the proper occasion with 'How do you do?' I repeat the words on entering its presence. To make him say 'Must you go? Goodby! I step from a chair, pick up my hat, and while leaving the room repeat the words. That is my method."

Taking Life Too Seriously.

Taking life too seriously is said to be an especially American failing. This may be true; but, judging from appearances, it would seem to be worldwide, for, go where one may, he will find the proportion of serious, not to say anxious, faces ten to one as compared with the merry or happy ones. If "the outer is always the form and shadow of the inner," and if "the present is the fullness of the past and the herald of the future" (and how can we doubt it?), how many sad histories may be read in the faces of those we meet every day! The pity of it is, too, that the sadness is a self worn garment, even as is the joy with which it might be replaced. Ruskin says: "Girls should be sunbeams, not only to members of their own circle, but to everybody with whom they come in contact. Every room they enter should be brighter for their presence." Why shouldn't all of us be sunbeams, boys as well as girls, all along the way from twenty-five years and under to eighty-five years and over?—Success.

Wanted a Pattern.

A ragged Irishman was charged in a London court a short time ago with tendering a counterfeit shilling in payment for a penny loaf.

Though forlorn in aspect, he was not destitute of that shrewdness which is characteristic of his countrymen. He stated that he was sent for the loaf by a person at a public house close by, who gave him the coin to pay for it, and that on discovering it was not good he bought the coin for three halfpence.

The Magistrate—How came you to buy the shilling after you had discovered it was a bad one?

The prisoner, with much apparent gravity, replied:

"Sure, then, your honor, I bought it so that if I should happen to have a bad one offered to me I might know it by looking at the one I had with me."

There was a burst of laughter, and the fellow was dismissed with a caution.

Indiscretion.

"Aren't the perfect trust and confidence engaged people have in each other perfectly beautiful?"

"Perfectly idiotic, I should say."

"Why?"

"Because when I was engaged I told my future wife all about my income and prospects, and now I can't spend a dollar on myself without her knowing about it."—New York Times.

Time to Leave.

Husband (in an aside to his wife)—If you can't think of some more anecdotes of our children's smartness let's go home right away, for they're getting ready to tell us things about their own.—Baltimore American.

WAYS OF WINGED WOOERS.

Incidents Illustrating the Comical Side of Bird Life.

Wooing time brings to the front the comical side of bird life, and methods are as varied among our feathered neighbors as among ourselves. The extremes of dignified courtship and disreputable scrimmage were shown by two well known birds, when the presence of a rival intensified affairs.

Two purple finches, suitors for the favor of the same sparrowlike maiden, placed themselves on each side about a foot from her and offered a musical contest. First one burst into rapturous song, flying up into the air, feathers fluffed out and snowy breast and rosy shoulders more lovely than ever. The solo finished, he dropped back to his perch and politely waited, while his rival poured out his madrigal. This alternate display continued several minutes, and apparently the umpire found it hard to choose, for she evaded decision by taking flight—both suitors following.

Different was the method of two orchard orioles, one in the immature plumage of the second year, the other in the full glory of maturity. This was a wrangle, accompanied by scolding and vituperation from beginning to end. If the theory of selection by fine dress be true, decision should have been easy, but after a whole day's trial the fair one ended it by a truly feminine scorn of theories, eloping with her plainer suitor, leaving the gorgeous elder to console himself with another bride, which he did before the sun went down.—Collier's Weekly.

War.

There is, besides a pleasure in order, a very real fear of disorder. A mob, a fire or a runaway horse arouses a sensation of terror in the spectator quite apart from their potentiality of harm to himself. Mere force is not, as is supposed, the last argument of man. A civilized war would have more terrors for the stockjobber than the cotton-grower if not for the threat of ungoverned force veiled behind the punctilio of Christian fighting. We are never quite certain of an army. The disciplined brigade which nowadays captures the enemy's capital as tenderly as it would guard its own, nevertheless, the same badges on its buttons as those which were fouled with the rage of San Sebastian and the murder of Bazeilles. It may drown its mutinies at any moment in a torrent of blood and tears, and statesmen and others never forget the fact. War is but the crust of the volcano. Fires of inutterable horror hum beneath. The very perfection of the discipline which controls them is evidence of man's dread of disorder, for it is only fear that welds so strongly the furnace doors.—Blackwood's.

Diplomatic Permanency.

It is likely to be the case in America that as time goes on and our relations with foreign powers become more and more complicated and pressing permanence in consular and diplomatic offices, based upon knowledge and proved fitness, will be the rule. This may mean that it will not be so common a practice to take scholars and authors from private life and place them suddenly in foreign consulates and missions. But even then it is likely that our literature will be enriched by the work of men who have become authors while enjoying the opportunities for new studies and broader observation afforded by the foreign service of their country, so that if hitherto literature has contributed to diplomacy hereafter we shall see our diplomacy contributing to our literature, as has not infrequently already been the case.—Century.

The Roman Lupetto.

The Roman lupetto, which is almost indistinguishable from the so called Pomeranian dog, invariably tries to bury or cover over any food given him which he does not like. If fed on a loose druggist he will skillfully cover up the obnoxious food, if the carpet is nailed down so that he cannot do this he goes through the exact process with his nose which would turn over the plate if it were movable. The lupetto has a general contempt for any but meat diet, and, though he may condescend to accept bread and milk out of deference to his owner (many of them would not make this concession), he is sure to go through the form of protest first.

Teach Language to Parrots.

A queer business which is carried on with considerable success in certain parts of London is the teaching of language to parrots. There are several persons engaged in this strange educational work. The country into which the bird is to be sent is first ascertained, and a sum of 10 shillings a week is then charged for a period varying from two to three months, according to the capacity of the parrot. With a year's tuition the teacher guarantees a bird with a polyglot vocabulary chosen haphazard from four different languages.—Golden Penny.

Birdskin Garments.

Eskimo women wear the most curious kind of underclothing, its peculiarity being that it is made of the skins of birds. These skins, before being sewed together, are chewed well by the women in order to make them soft. About a hundred skins are required to make a shirt, and the labor of chewing the skins which form their garments is quite enough to account for the massive, well developed jaws of Eskimo women.

No Divination Needed.

He—The astrologer described you exactly and said that I would marry you.

She—Don't you think it was a waste of money to consult him?

"Why?"

"I could have told you the same thing myself if you had asked me."—Stray Stories.

Couldn't Think of Pillar.

Teacher—And what happened to Lot's wife?

Scholar—She was turned to salt.

Teacher—Into a what of salt?

Scholar—Why, er, a sort of job lot of salt, I guess.—Exchange.

The Glory of California Scenery.

As long as there remains the love of beauty in the human soul, so long will the glory of California scenery and that of the whole Pacific coast prove a source of inspiration to the poetic mind. Descriptive verse has been from the beginning a marked feature of the literature of this region. In fact, the term "landscape poets" may be properly applied to this bevy of song birds which seemed to the late Maurice Thompson to have taken "complete possession of the entire western seaboard." Suffice it to say that if a volume of verse were written by a Californian which reflected nothing of the state's scenic beauty or its warmth of color it would not only come as a surprise to most reviewers, but the loyalty of the poet might be seriously questioned. While all this display of local color may seem too apparent an effort on the part of Californians to place upon their work the stamp of a definite locality, and may be considered by some a cheap form of art, it is this very sensitiveness to beauty and grandeur with which nature has clothed the west that offers the most promise of its rapid literary advancement—a sensitiveness, moreover, that will become more and more acute with the cultivation of the higher faculties through increasing educational growth.—Herbert Bashford in Atlantic.

All Have an "Itch" in Them.

"Speaking of Servian names," said an observant man, "they are not so bad when you once get used to them, nor are they so hard to pronounce. You no doubt have noticed that all Servian names end with a syllable having some resemblance to the English word 'itch.' Some of the names end in 'les' or just with 'le.' Sometimes it is 'leh' or 'les' or 'isch,' and so on. It makes no difference how the name ends, you will make no mistake if you give the sound of 'itch' to the last syllable. That will be the proper Servian sound, for Petrovich or Petrovic would be correct, and in both instances the word would be pronounced in the same way, by sounding the 'itch.' Servian names are all right when one gets used to them, but they are strange and shocking when put into the columns of English newspapers."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Goats That Fight.

A species of the wild goat, the Capra ruppell, haunts the rocks of the Abyssinian highlands and manages to hold its own as to fight against all enemies, with the exception of the fleet footed jackal, an adversary whose co-operative tactics and keenness of scent make flight unavailing and have led the capras to the conclusion that under certain circumstances valor may be the better part of discretion. The yelp of an approaching horde of jackals is therefore a signal for instant rally on the part of the goats. The nannies crowd around their kids, and the bucks rush forward en masse, butting away with a rage that lays out a yelper at every spring and makes the survivors stand back howling and cowering.

Influence of Laughter on Digestion.

The efficacy of laughter as an aid to assimilation and alimentation has passed into such a common physiological truism that no one of ordinary intelligence needs to have the principle upon which it works elucidated for his understanding in these days of widely disseminated dietetic knowledge. The average person who is not continuously "in the dumps" knows from experience that laughter is good for digestion, says What to Eat. It should be borne in mind that mirth and good cheer need not express themselves in convulsive laughter in order to influence digestion. An amiable, contented, calm and equable temperament has marked influence upon the digestive processes without laughter.

A Silver Riddle.

English train car companies use in counting the money taken in what is called a "silver riddle." Four or five frames are placed on the top of each other, and a given quantity of mixed silver is emptied in on to the topmost. Shake the latter and all the pieces except the half crowns will disappear through the wire net arrangement on to the frame below. Shake frame No. 2 and everything goes through except the florins, and thus the coins are eventually exhausted down to the three-penny pieces.

Mighty Cheerful.

Mamma had told her little daughter that she could not go out to play, but the little maiden determined to make one more plea. "Please, mamma, it isn't very wet."

"No, you cannot, Dorothy," said mamma pleasantly, smiling a little at her daughter's persistency.

Dorothy regarded her mother aggrievedly and then said: "Well, seems to me you're mighty cheerful about it."—New York Times.

A Desperate Character.

First Henpecked Husband—Well, sir, I've been gone and done it. My wife wouldn't give me the latchkey again this morning, so I took it by force—by force, do you hear me?

Second Ditto (admiringly)—Say, old man, don't let my wife hear that. She'll never let me go out with you again.

One He Couldn't Lose.

Peddler—Want to buy an umbrella cheap, boss?

Merchant—No; what's the use? Whenever I buy an umbrella somebody steals it.

Peddler—Well, this one ain't worth stealing.—Exchange.

The Reminder.

"Mamma," said Bennie as there came a brief pause in the conversation on the part of the callers, "isn't it time for you to ask me what I learned at the kindergarten today? If you don't do it pretty soon I'll forget what you told me to say."—Chicago Tribune.

Wouldn't Show.

Mistress (greatly shocked)—Is it possible, Mary, you are making bread without having washed your hands?

New Girl—Lor', what's the difference, mum? It's brown bread.

FUNERALS IN GREECE.

They Are Somewhat of a Shock to the American Tourist.

"One thing sure to shock the American tourist is a Greek funeral," said a recently returned traveler. "It is a spectacle which most persons of convention governed decency desire to avoid, because the body of the dead is exposed in an open hearse. The coffin is shallow, so that not only the face and head, but the hands and much of the body, can be seen from the sidewalk as the procession moves through the streets.

"The lid of the coffin, frequently richly upholstered and decorated with garlands and wreaths, is carried on the hearse by the undertaker. The priest, the relatives and other mourners follow, and as the ghastly spectacle moves along it is customary for bystanders to remove their head gear and cross themselves.

"In the Athens cemeteries graves are rented for a term of years, just like the habitations of the quick. Only the wealthy own burial lots. This is invariably an evidence of wealth or aristocracy. The poor seldom dream of buying a lot of tomb. Such purchase would be deemed among them an unnecessary luxury.

"At the end of the term for which a grave is rented the bones are dug up, placed in a box, labeled with the name and date and deposited in a general receptacle."—New York Herald.

Rewards For Lost Property.

"More lost and stolen articles would be recovered if the losers would adopt different methods in advertising for their property," said a headquarters detective the other day. "Of course honest persons do not haggle over the remuneration for returning a locket, a dog or anything else. But every one is not built along those lines. It may sound very nice to say, 'Liberal reward if returned to owner,' but there are different ideas of liberality. The sum usually dwindles in the mind of the owner when he sees his property before him, and no one knows this better than the finder.

"It is far more effective to set forth a definite sum in the advertisement. Five or twenty-five dollars means more than a vague promise to be real generous. Of course there are cases when it is not wise to be too explicit, but in nine cases out of ten a stated sum will bring better results than an indefinite offer. This is nearly always true with watches with the owner's monogram engraved on the case, as the pawnbroker refuses to loan so much on articles so easily identified."—New York Press.

Read Less, Think More.

The average person of so called culture who has leisure to read reads too much and thinks too little, and in consequence his conversation lacks freshness and spontaneity. An exchange, after saying that people generally read too much and read more than they carry, tells a story of a man who had been a great reader, but had changed his ways, and people, after he read less, finding him much more interesting, exclaimed: "How entertaining John was today! He must have been reading a good deal."

Mere reading is a waste of time. To continue to intelligently the reader must train the mind to concentration on the subject in hand, and to concentration must be added the effort to clothe and transmit thought in appropriate phrase.

The Sailors' Psalm.

How many people—landsmen, at all events—are aware that one of the Psalms is often called "the sailors' psalm?" It is of course Psalm cvii, wherein occur the beautiful and familiar words, "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters—these see the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep." The psalm is usually read as part of the simple services which take place on Sundays on ships at sea. For that reason it is known as the sailors' psalm.—London Chronicle.

The Road to Success.

It is well for the young man to remember that if he finishes his education as a skilled farmer or stockman or fruit grower there are plenty of places open waiting for him at good pay, while if he becomes a minister, lawyer or doctor he may have to hunt long and far to find a place and wait long before a good living is assured.—Rockford Register.

The Retort Courteous.

Smart Passenger—Here, conductor, is my fare. I had no desire to beat the company, but I thought I would just see if I could fool you by getting busy with this newspaper.

Conductor—I saw you, but you looked as if you needed information a good deal worse than the company needs money, so I just let you read.—Baltimore American.

As It Was Printed.

There is one woman poet in New York who will read proof carefully until the edge of a recent error wears off. She spent two days on a touching poem, the pivotal line of which read:

My soul is a lighthouse keeper.

When the printer finished with it the line read:

My soul is a light housekeeper.

Bureau of Publicity.

Mrs. Naggsuss—What an odd, interesting piece of furniture! It looks like an antique. Is it a chiffonier or a bookcase?

Mrs. Borus, wife of struggling author—Neither. It's my husband's writing desk. He calls it his bureau of publicity.—Chicago Tribune.

Not Encouraging.

"Do you know," remarked the pessimist, "I think I have experienced every kind of hard luck on the list except hanging."

"Well, you shouldn't be discouraged," remarked the optimist. "Remember the old adage, 'While there is life there is hope.'"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

There is no man so friendless but what he can find a friend sincere enough to tell him disagreeable truths.—Bulwer Lytton.

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HOTELS.

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JAMES McGUIRE, Prop'r
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

HOTEL IMPERIAL,
Main street, Smethport, Pa., Daniel Bacon, Proprietor.
This House has recently been greatly improved in all its appointments, making it one of the most convenient hotels in the country. Good beds and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the delicacies of the season. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

THE FLEMING HOTEL,
TWO DOORS NORTH OF BANK,
KANE - - PA.
This Hotel has been recently built and is newly furnished throughout in the latest style.
First-class accommodations for the traveling public.
M. B. PIERCE, Proprietor.

SARTWELL HOUSE,
PORT ALLEGANY, PA.
Having recently purchased the above Hotel, and made extensive improvements, I am prepared to cater to the traveling public.
C. S. KING, Proprietor.

CHADWICK HOUSE,
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First-class in every respect
Well supplied Bar.
Reasonable Rates.

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Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

BAYER HOUSE,
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This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.
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SEWER PIPE, LAND TILE,

SHINGLES AND ALL THE REST.

J. C. Hamlin.

McKean County Miner.

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, July 23, 1903.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—While touring through South Dakota Forepaugh & Sells Brothers' circus lost about 200 men, who left them and went to work in the harvest fields.

—L. B. Seibert of Coudersport is getting quite spryty. He has recently purchased a $2,500 pair of horses and two automobiles—a one and two seater.

—Fifty persons are known to have died from lockjaw in this state since July 4. These deaths were all caused by the use of explosives on that date.

—Newman Tompkins of Galeton was killed on Wednesday of last week by being crushed between two cars in the B. & S. yards at that place. The deceased was 42 years of age and was highly respected.

—John Gorman, aged about 80 years, was struck by a D., R. & P. train at Great Valley Centre Sunday morning and killed. The old man was somewhat demented and was wandering about alone when he was struck.

—While engaged hauling hay Thursday afternoon Luke Burt of Marvindale had the misfortune to fall from the top of a load, cutting a severe gash over his left eye, and spraining his neck quite severely.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

—Theodore Underwood of Perryville, near Ithaca, N. Y., was treated to a coat of tar and feathers by an indignant mob on Wednesday of last week, because of his cruel treatment of his wife and children. Underwood killed a man two years ago but was acquitted on the plea of self defense.

—Alexander Shimer of Hollidaysburg, while working in a wheat field last Saturday was struck by lightning and instantly killed. Shimer was 64 years of age and a non-commissioned officer of the regiment of Pennsylvania soldiers known in the civil war as the "Bucktails."—Emporium Press.

—"Luck" means rising at six in the morning, living on $1 a day if you earn $2, minding your own business and not meddling with other people's. "Luck" means appointments you have never failed to keep, the trains you have never failed to catch. "Luck" means trusting in God and your own resources.

—John Gorman, who killed his brother about a year ago and ran off with his brother's wife, and a man named Walters, who killed a widow named Hoover, at Hot Springs two years ago because she refused to marry him, were lynched at Basin, Wyo., Saturday. C. E. Pierce, a deputy sheriff, was killed during the attack on the jail.

—A dog belonging to Edward Eckert of Toledo, Ohio, was shipped to Bradford recently, but when the animal got his liberty he started for home, a distance of over 400 miles. He made the trip over strange roads in four or five days. When he reached Toledo he was tired and lame, but seemed pleased to get back home. This seems like a fish story but is vouched for by honest men.

—A dispatch from Dingess, W. Va., dated July 17, says: Near East Fork yesterday afternoon Harvard Knowlton and W. C. Dewees, neighbors and enemies for several years, met on the highway, both on horseback. After passing a few angry words revolvers were drawn and the firing continued until Dewees fell, mortally wounded, a bullet penetrating his breast. Knowlton received two bullets in his side and he, too, will die. The men were prominently known in their communities. Each has many relatives and further trouble is expected.

Pottery and Secrecy.

In the royal manufactory of pottery at Meissen, Saxony, the work was formerly carried on with the utmost secrecy to prevent the processes from becoming known elsewhere. The establishment was a complete fortress, the portcullis of which was not raised day or night, no stranger being permitted to enter for any purpose whatever. Every workman, even the chief inspector, was sworn to silence. This injunction was formally repeated every month to the superior officers employed, while the workmen had constantly before their eyes in large letters the warning motto, "Be Secret Unto Death." It was well known that any person divulging the process would be imprisoned for life in the castle of Koenigstein. Even the king himself when he took strangers of distinction to visit the works was enjoined to secrecy. One of the foremen, however, escaped and assisted in establishing a manufactory in Vienna, from which the secrets spread all over Germany.

Royal Gamblers.

Henry VIII. would gamble away property and money recklessly, taking his defeats with bluff good humor. On one occasion he staked the famous campanile bell of St. Paul's and lost it to his adversary, a Sir Miles Partridge, who insisted on his pound of flesh and removed the bell. Queen Mary sometimes resorted to cards and was seldom more lucky than her father, losing occasionally even her lace caps or coifs, which were worth a good sum. Charles II. loved basset and other round games and would play night after night and even on a Sunday till daylight, while singers entertained the company from a gallery. Even the cold William of Orange was a gambler and liked nothing better than to spend the day racing and the night playing cards.

George III. detested cards and disapproved of playing for money, an aversion and opinion in no wise shared by his son and successor, who is said to have lost more than £800,000 before he attained his majority.

Correspondence

FARMERS VALLEY.

Carl Higgins, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Derby, has returned to his home in Olean.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Ogilvie and children have returned to their home in Port Allegany.

Miss Nellie McGill entertained Misses Eva and Nellie Hovey of Rew City last Sunday.

Edward Tanner has gone to Roulette where he will spend a few months.

Miss Grace Husted of the county seat has been visiting in this vicinity.

Miss Bertha Burdick of Colegrove is the guest of Miss Mattie Herzog.

Mr. and Mrs. P. H. McGill were shopping at Eldred one day recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Lewis have been entertaining the former's sister.

Miss Rosie McGill has been visiting relatives and friends at Olean.

Earl Whitehead of Buffalo is visiting friends in town.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Fields, July 10, a boy.

The Bartender's Revenge.

Since the bar is a necessary evil—to some folk—and long institution of the state, being licensed, reference to it occasionally must be excused. There are some very clever men behind the bar, and once in awhile a gentleman. Tab is usually kept on him by the metal cash register. He feels that he is watched at all hours by a maze of patented machinery. If he steals a check of 15 cents he is caught, you may say. Not at all. The other day in a fashionable resort the proprietor, big and pompous, "called down" one of his men before some customers. As to the question of right or wrong I say nothing. But presently, when Signor Pomposity turned his back, the bar man emptied a full bottle of the finest whisky into the washing trough under the bar. It was worth at least $1.50. That was his way of getting even. I am informed that it is the usual way of resenting an insult from the proprietor. The mere stealing of 15 cents is a small matter when the bar man is to be trusted with thousands of dollars' worth of liquors. If a man is not to be trusted with change how is he to be trusted with liquors?—New York Press.

Grammar and Writing.

One day Julian Hawthorne was complimenting a certain writer on his wonderful facility in his handling of words and in his construction of sentences. "You are a master of phrases," said the novelist, with a twinkle, and then added:

"How do you do it, anyhow?"

"I don't know," replied the writer. "You see, I have forgotten all that I ever learned at school except that the preposition governs the objective case. To save my life I couldn't tell you the difference between the present tense and a predicate. I write by ear and don't know any more about grammar than a cockroach knows about painting roses on jugs."

"That's all right, my boy, that's all right," said Hawthorne dryly. "No man who's a purist and a master of style ever knows anything about grammar."

How Bright Joined Cobden.

John Bright's account of how he and Richard Cobden came to join forces against the corn laws early in the last century is as follows: "I was in the depths of grief, I might also say of despair, for the light and sunshine of my house had been extinguished. All that was left on earth of my life and of a too brief happiness was lying still and cold in the chamber above us. Mr. Cobden called upon me, and, having expressed words of condolence, said: 'There are thousands of houses in England at this moment where wives, mothers and children are dying of hunger. Now, when the first paroxysm of your grief is past I would advise you to come with me and we will never rest till the corn law is repealed.' The offer was accepted and the work was done."

A Queer Floating Island.

There is a floating island in Derwentwater, England, not far from Lodore falls. Its travelers are restricted to alternations between the bottom of the lake and the surface. When moved to retirement it sinks and remains in watery seclusion for periods which vary from a few months to as long as seven or eight years. Its existence above or below water appears to be determined by the presence within the island of gases whose quantity governs its buoyancy. Esthwaite lake, in the same neighborhood, boasts a not less puzzling but more amenable island. This has served as a ferryboat to conduct as many as fifteen persons at a time across the bosom of the water upon which it rides.

A Literary Record.

Sir Edward Russell's record in the way of literary work was his article on Matthew Arnold on the day that great man died. Sir Edward had exclusive information of the event, which happened on a Sunday. He did not get to work until half past 7 in the evening, and it was necessary for him to catch a train at 9 o'clock. By dint of dictating to his secretary and writing himself, he got through a biographical article of a column and a half and a two column leader within one hour and twenty minutes. Such a feat has never been excelled.

"It"

is the New and Better Breakfast Food, so different from all others that it pleases everybody. Get a package today at your grocers.

The Cereals Food Co., La Salle, N. Y.

A Clever Escape.

Prince Louis Napoleon, afterward Napoleon III., effected his escape from Ham in 1846 in a singular manner. He was imprisoned for his attempts against the French government, made at Boulogne, in 1840. At 7 o'clock one morning the prince, having shaved his mustache and thrown a blouse and workingman's trousers over his own clothes and wearing wooden shoes, quietly walked out of the prison, carrying a bookshelf over his shoulder to complete his disguise. He was taken to be one of the painters then at work in the prison and was passed by several persons. A carriage was waiting in the neighborhood, and by 3 o'clock in the afternoon he was at Valenciennes, where he took a train to Brussels, and he arrived in London two days later. Meanwhile in the prison Dr. Conneau, the prince's physician, had placed a dummy in the prince's bed and told the governor that the prince was confined to his room by illness. This satisfied the governor until 7 o'clock in the evening, when he insisted on seeing the prince and discovered the fraud. By this time, of course, the prince was over the frontier. Dr. Conneau got off with three months of prison. Within thirty-one months Prince Napoleon was the first president of a French republic, supplanting King Louis Philippe, who had abdicated.

Bedouins and Water.

It is not unusual to hear a Bedouin upon reaching a camp where water is offered him refuse it with the remark, "I drank only yesterday." On the Bedouins' long marches across dry countries the size of the water skins is nicely calculated to just outlast the journey, and they rarely allow themselves to break the habit of abstemiousness, as this would be sure to make their next water last all the harder. They are accustomed from infancy to regard water as a most precious commodity and use it with religious economy. They know every hollow and nook in the mountains where water may be found. Their camels and goats, which they take with them on their marches to supply them with milk and meat, live principally on the scanty herbage and foliage of the thorny mimosa. Neither men nor animals drink more than once in forty-eight hours. No wonder they can subsist where invaders quickly perish.

Rats and Their Food.

The capacity of rats for discovering fresh stores of food is astounding and often leads to those united migratory movements that periodically create alarm and are described as "plagues of rats." These great movements are undoubtedly initiated and "personally conducted" by old and experienced rats, the aldermen of the colony, at once in proof of highly developed intelligence and unselfishness. Rats in large numbers of industry, if not pressed in commercial plague form, do a great deal of good as consumers of garbage that would otherwise become a perilous nuisance. It is also a popular delusion that a rat bite is unusually dangerous from the fact of sewer garbage eating. On the contrary, rats eat as clean as a new lancet.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Ellen Terry's Toe.

When Ellen Terry was a little girl about ten years old she played Puck in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and had to make her appearance through the stage floor on a trapdoor. The trapdoor was shut too soon, and one of the child's feet was caught. She screamed with pain, and Mrs. Charles Kean whispered to her: "Be a brave girl, Nellie. Finish your part, and you shall play Arthur in 'King John.'" The trapdoor by this time was opened, but the child's toe was broken. She, however, pluckily pulled herself together and finished her speech.

His Part.

The Doctor—You regard society as merely a machine, do you? What part of the machinery do you consider me, for instance?

The Professor—You are one of the cranks.—Exchange.

His Art.

"Why do you say he's a wonderful actor?"

"He sat through an amateur dramatic entertainment and actually made people think he enjoyed it."—Chicago Post.

Many a child has been fooled by the story of the pot of gold which is to be found just at the foot of the rainbow, and has started out to gather riches full of happy dreams.

Many a man and woman have been deceived by the tale that there was health to be found out beyond the sunset, and they have started out dreaming of a healthful future, never to be realized.

People who have tried change of climate in vain for the cure of weak lungs have been perfectly and permanently cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures deep-seated coughs, bronchitis, bleeding lungs, emaciation, and other conditions which, if neglected or unskilfully treated, find a fatal end in consumption.

"Last spring I had a severe attack of pneumonia which left me with a very bad cough, and also left my lungs in a very bad condition," writes John M. Russell, Esq., of Brent, Cherokee Nat., Ind. Ty. "I had no appetite and was so weak I could scarcely walk. My breast was all sore with running sores. I got two bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which I believe saved my life. I cannot express my gratitude to you. I am able now to do very good work."

Any substitute offered as "just as good" as "Golden Medical Discovery" is a shadow of that medicine. There are cures behind every claim made for the "Discovery," which no "just as good" medicine can show.

The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, a book containing 1008 pages, is given away. Send 21 one-cent stamps, for expense of mailing *only*, for the book in paper covers, or 31 stamps for the volume bound in cloth. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE FAMOUS.

Central Block, CLOTHING STORE. Smethport, Pa.

WHY?

When we place on sale, as we do,

This and Next Week,

$10.50, $11.00 and $12.00 Suits at

$9.50

and give 95 Yellow Trading Stamps with each Suit and stamps in proportion with any sale, you will soon know

WHY

we hold our old customers and please new ones.

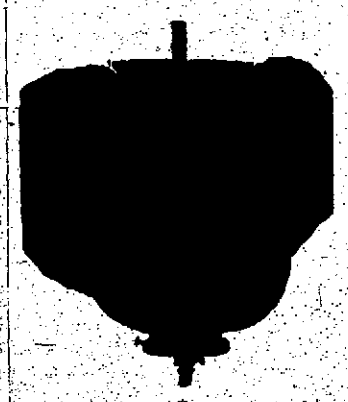
25 per cent Reduction,

including Trading Stamps on all

Children's Clothing.

Wm. Monheimer.

THE COLUMBUS ARC LAMP.



These lamps are constructed upon strictly scientific principles and have a standard reputation for quality, appearance and brilliancy. The Lamp gives over 100% candle power over the old way of lighting with single gas burners, with the same amount of gas consumed. Call and get our prices.

EDGAR W STRONG

BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport.

WE WANT YOUR TRADE.

To get it we are willing to do anything that is right

We have purchased the stock of

GROCERIES and GENERAL MERCHANDISE

of O. D. Bush and are determined to run an up-to-date store.

We have put a delivery wagon on the road and we will call at your house, take your order and deliver goods promptly.

Give us a trial order and if everything is not perfectly satisfactory tell us about it.

VOORHEES & McCARTY,

Bush Building. EAST SMETHPORT, PA.

Good Coffee or Tea

Does not hurt you even if some of the advertisements of these wonderful substitutes do tell you so. We have the finest line in the place, as well as a complete line of the best groceries.

Leave your orders by phone or in person and they will be delivered promptly at your home.

Hagberg & Sherburne,

Holder Block, SMETHPORT, PA.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

PICTURES

Just received an elegant line of pictures. Altogether new styles and designs. If you want something new and pretty come and look them over.

BOOKS

Full line of new books by the latest authors. Look them over. WILL SELL THEM VERY CHEAP next ten days.

Wells Pharmacy.

FURNITURE

You make no mistake in buying here. The stock is complete, and prices low.

CARPETS

An elegant assortment just received. Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main Street, Smethport. **Specht & Sasse.**

Brasted's ICE CREAM By the

LISH, QUART or GALLON.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. One own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, July 23, 1903.

Republican Ticket.

STATE.

AUDITOR GENERAL,
WILLIAM P. SNYDER,
of Chester county.

STATE TREASURER,
WILLIAM L. MATTHEWS,
of Delaware County.

SUPERIOR COURT JUDGES,
THOMAS A MORRISON,
of McKean county.
JOHN J. HENDERSON,
of Crawford county.

COUNTY.

PRESIDENT JUDGE,
JOSEPH W. BOUTON,
of Smethport.

JURY COMMISSIONER,
WALTER OSTRANDER,
of Liberty township.

THE government forces and the revolutionists of Venezuela have had some twenty skirmishes during the past week.

GROVER CLEVELAND is now the father of a boy, which arrived on Saturday last. This should encourage him to be a candidate for President in 1904.

THE Republican State convention of Kentucky has nominated Col. Morris B. Belknap for Governor and endorsed Theodore Roosevelt for President in 1904.

THERE is some talk of the Democrats not holding a convention in this county this year, but we hardly believe they will let the opportunity pass because they are sure of electing a jury commissioner.

OF course, it was a typographical error yesterday which made the Express represent Mr. Bryan as saying that "the Democratic party must appeal to the democratic sentiment of the country." No correction is offered, however. Sometimes the intelligent linotype machine manages to put an idea better than the author even intended.—Buffalo Express.

THE recent slump in stocks on the market has made many think that a panic was near at hand, but those who are in a position to know have no fear of a stringency in the market. Russell Sage, who is acknowledged to be one of the best financiers in the world, does not expect any bad results of a lasting nature from this drop in stocks and says that as soon as the battle of giants is over things will move along smoothly.

A short time ago a Greek merchant, arriving in New York for the purpose of establishing a branch of his business in this country, was refused entrance by the immigration officials because his fare was paid by those whom he represented. Now an Englishman coming here for the same purpose has been turned back for the same reason. This is turning the contract labor law into an absurdity. The authorities at Ellis Island act like fanatics on the subject of restricting immigration.

IN the death of Pope Leo XIII the world loses one of its greatest and grandest men. As the head of the Roman Catholic Church he has displayed wonderful ability and his death is keenly felt by the civilized people of the whole world. This grand old man, during his reign as Pope for the past twenty-five years, has accomplished much for the upbuilding of his church in many ways and it is not to be wondered at that every member of the church feels that he or she has lost a most dear and faithful friend.

THE President has given directions for the preparation of commissions for the following promotions in the army: Major General Young, to be a lieutenant general, vice Lieut. Gen. Miles, who retires on August 8. Brigadier General S. S. Sumner, to be a major general, vice Major General Davis, to be retired on July 26. Brigadier General Leonard H. Wood, to be a major general, vice General Young, to be promoted. Secretary of War Root ordered the promotion of 35 colonels to the rank of brigadier general and their retirement at that rank.

A DISPATCH from Scranton, Pa., dated July 21, says: Richard Little, editor of the Scrantonian, was made defendant to-day in civil and criminal proceedings in libel by Col. E. H. Ripple, postmaster. Damages in the sum of $10,000 are demanded in the civil proceedings. The actions are based on an article alleging that the officers of the Associated Board of Charities used their positions to levy blackmail in the name of charity. The officers of the Associated Charities are nine of the leading citizens of Scranton. Editor Little spent three months in jail in 1901 for libeling Col. Ripple. In his present suit Col. Ripple, taking advantage of the new libel law, claims damages for "mental anguish." Little was held in $1,000 bail for a future hearing.

ex-Mayor John H. Fellows becoming his bondsman. This case will be watched with much interest by the newspaper men of this State.

ON the day following the receipt of formal assurances from the Russian Government that no further objection would be offered to the opening of the Manchoorian ports, the Secretary of State announces that the so-called Kishineff incident is closed by the refusal of the Russian Government to receive a petition in behalf of its Jewish subjects. Outwardly, of course, there is supposed to be no connection between these events. It may be there was no connection, but the circumstances suggest something of the kind. At any rate the United States has the credit of having secured what it wanted. The petition matter went far enough to cause the Russian Government to take energetic steps to punish the Kishineff rioters. And the obstacles which Russia had placed in the way of American trade are removed.

THE Mt. Jewett Herald, Democratic, has the following to say in regard to a Bradford young man who is spoken of as a possible candidate for President Judge on the Democratic ticket: Some of the fool friends of D. W. Healy of Bradford are pushing him to the fore as a "straw" candidate for judge on the Democratic ticket. Mr. Healy is a young attorney of more than ordinary ability, and if he keeps his face clean and is allowed to pursue the even tenor of his way as such there may come a day when his actual merits will commend him to the people as a sure enough candidate for the exalted position of judge of their courts. That day has not yet arrived, however, and in fact, is a long way off, and is will be yet further removed if his fool friends insist in bestowing upon the young man's nomination that must smack of the ridiculous and place him in the ring as the clown of the coming campaign. This is the time for Mr. Healy to repair to his closet, and if he does not possess one he will be forgiven if he uses the street, and there fall upon his knees and petition the Most High to deliver him from his fool friends.

There Are Many Favorite Sons.

There is a great outburst of objection from the Democratic press of the State to the presentation of a Presidential candidate from Pennsylvania this year. Now, why should that be? This is the very best year of all for such a movement and the Pennsylvania Democrats ought to try and get in it just once.

The fact that the last time they went to a national convention with a candidate they forgot to present his name should not be discouraging. The fact that ex-Governor Pattison does not manifest a disposition to be hammered flat through another hopeless campaign should not deter them. There are other Democrats in Pennsylvania, and some of them are willing. If Pennsylvania is to be barred from the nomination because it is Republican then every other Northern State will be shut out for all are Republican and the nomination will have to go South. That is no objection.

Think of the great amount of trouble that would be saved by agreeing upon the candidate this year. It would guard the Democratic leaders of the State against importunities of a multitude of candidates from all sections of the country when next year opens. It would protect them from the wicked temptation to make deals for the indorsement of some candidate from another State. Behind their own favorite son they would be amply fortified against approaching corruption, and a Pennsylvania Democrat well protected from such danger is well worth seeing. Few such opportunities come to the party in this State; it would be a shame to waste this chance.

But who is to be the chosen candidate? We could not presume to make the selection. The chance ought to be open to all. To paraphrase the felicitous verse of the poet laureate of the Commonwealth:

Though few the votes,
Though the cause be lost,
Throw wide the gates—
Give all a boost.

There are still a few Democrats left in the State and most of them, we are confident, would be willing to enter an open, fair and free-for-all race. It is fortunate that the party is not restricted to a single favorite son; it is unusually rich in favorite sons—each son his own favorite.

Courageously taking the field this year with its own home-made candidate, on the Kansas City platform or off, the Democracy of Pennsylvania would occupy a position from which it would not have to use a megaphone to communicate with the head of the procession. It would be the head itself.—Philadelphia Press.

Notice of Dissolution of Partnership.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore subsisting between George Shepard and J. C. Gallup, under the firm name of Shepard & Gallup, was dissolved on the sixth day of July, nineteen hundred and three, by mutual consent. All debts owing to the said partnership are to be received by said J. C. Gallup, and all demands on the said partnership are to be presented to him for payment.

GEORGE SHEPARD,
J. C. GALLUP.

Estray Notice.

Came to the premises of the undersigned, in Norwich township, on or about June 26, 1903, a red and white yearling heifer. Owner can have same by proving property and paying charges; otherwise it will be disposed of according to laws governing estrays.

FRANK STRANBURG,
Colegrove, Pa.

A house broom given away with every $5 cash purchase. Yellow trading stamps besides. J. C. MAMLIN.

Treasonable and Cowardly.

Governor Durbin of Indiana has brought himself into favorable notice again by his severe but just characterization of some employers in Evansville who, at the demand of labor unions, discharged such of their employes as were members of the militia and in that capacity helped to suppress the recent riots in that city. The Governor declared that such action was "treason" and that those who attempted to put such a stigma on the men who protected them from mob law will regret their action. He might also have called the act cowardly. The conservative common sense of the country will uphold Governor Durbin and Captain W. C. Johnson of the regular army in their attitude on this matter.

The Evansville men, whether they belong to labor unions or are employers, who are trying to injure citizen soldiers from performing their duty and, as Governor Durbin says, committing treason are not the first ones to adopt and to fail in this policy. A few years ago some members of a mob were killed while trying to lynch a man in Washington Courthouse, O., and an attempt was made to boycott the officers and members of the militia company that did the shooting. Another attempt of the same kind occurred later at Urbana, in Ohio, under similar circumstances. Both attempts failed. A few months ago a Schenectady, N. Y., labor union tried to boycott one of its own members who as a militiaman had served with his company while preserving order during a strike. But the plot came to an ignominious ending. The Waterbury, Conn., street car strike saw another effort to injure the militia company that put down the rioting, but with the usual result, and the failure of the attempt to prosecute Private Wadsworth in this State is another illustration. And the design to boycott the Evansville citizen soldiery will be just as abortive.

But Governor Durbin has put a new phase on this attempt to intimidate militiamen by calling the act treason. Treason is defined in the United States Constitution as levying war against the Government or giving aid and comfort to its enemies. The members of a militia company called into the service of a State or the national Government to guard the peace are representatives of that Government and any attempt to harm them materially for legitimate acts done while in that service can be brought under the definition of treason. Labor unions and all others disposed virtually to make war on the National Guard should consider the matter in this light. It is no light offense to commit treason against the United States and incur its penalty.—Philadelphia Press.

Our large stock of Building Material is complete and the price is right.
HOLMES & GILFILLAN,
The Great Supply House.

A complete assortment of window screens and doors at Redfield's.

House for rent. Inquire of Mrs. A. M. Fuller.

Subscribe for the MINER.

J. COLEGROVE.

New Cheese, New Potatoes,
New Comb Honey,
Fresh Eggs,
Maple Sugar & Syrup,
Quaker Oats, Mothers Oats,
Banner Oats, Force,
Malta Valta.

"IT"

Olive, Olive Oils, Solid Dressings, Mustards, Sardines

Flour has advanced about one dollar bbl. Our price is way down according to price of flour at will.

Try me for prompt delivery of your next order for groceries.

J. COLEGROVE,
SMETHPORT, PA.
Next to Bank.

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

Blacksmithing.

O. W. Dickerson has purchased the shop formerly occupied by Morris Keefer, Smethport, Pa., where I will do all kinds of blacksmithing and make a specialty of horse shoeing. Having given much attention to all peculiarities and diseases of horses' feet, I will guarantee satisfaction with all such work entrusted to my care.

O. W DICKERSON.

Do you wear the J. K. shoes?

You don't get the most style and good service for your money unless you do. Next time insist upon having them—no other shoes equal them for all around goodness.

$2.50, $3.00 or $3.50

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport, Pa.

L. K. Hogarth

has an elegant new line of fine soap at low prices.

CONGRESS

PLAYING

CARDS.

SOMETHING

NEW IN

STATIONERY

We know how to make and serve the most delicious drinks. We are sole agents for the famous Warren I X L Ice Cream.

L. K. Hogarth,
Leading Druggist.
Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT. PENNA.

CAPITAL - - - $200,000.00
SURPLUS - - - $30,000.00

AUTHORIZED BY LAW

to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE

under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds or Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.
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respectfully solicited.

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ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
FRED D. GALLUP,
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Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.
Painless extraction of teeth. Over 15 years' experience.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

$10 IF $10

YOU WANT A

10 DOLLAR SUIT

We want to say to you that uncommon Suits for Ten Dollars is our kind.

They are perfect fitting, well tailored suits, such as any man might wear with dignity—suits that are satisfactory the very first time they are put on, and that continue to satisfy till they're worn out.

We've a Ten Dollar line that includes All Wool Serges, Cheviots, Scotches and Cassimeres in plain colors, handsome mixtures and patterns. Try one on if you like—we shall not insist upon your buying.

It is easy to match the price of these suits but not so easy to match the quality at the price.

H. W. RUBIN.

TERHUNE UNION-MADE SHOE.
MERCHANT TAILOR, CLOTHIER & FURNISHER.

$10 SMETHPORT, PA. $10

Discounts Better Than Trading Stamps.

Desiring to reduce my stock as much as possible for the next few weeks have decided to sell my groceries for cash prices and give a discount to my customers of 5 per cent from same on bills amounting to more than $1.00.

On all other goods in my store, including dry goods, boots, shoes, hats, caps, ribbons, notions, draperies, underwear, etc., I will give a discount of 10 per cent on all bills amounting to $1.00 and over.

When purchasing do not fail to ask for discounts as you will be entitled to same until further notice.

D. C. YOUNG,

SMETHPORT, PA., April 27, 1903.

Special Reduction Sale.

From now until July 4 I will sell, to reduce my stock, all suits at the following reduced prices:

$22 SUITS for $20.
$25 " " $22.
$28 " " $25.

Higher priced suits in proportion.

G. W. Shillenn,

The Leading Tailors

Chadwick Block. Smethport.

ORDER NOW.

You may order that suit by mail if you cant come personally. Out of town folks are handicapped somewhat. Can't come right away when we advertise cut prices, and so we continue our semi-annual clearance sale all July.

All Summer Clothing Reduced.

Men's Suits, Trousers, Boys' Suits, Shirts, Underwear, etc., to prices about ¼ less.

No profit left. We know that.

IKE SIMONS

46-48 Main St. BRADFORD. The Big Double Clothing Store

There is Something Doing.

Our stock for the spring doin's is complete. We can furnish your house or office in better shape and for less money than the small dealers.

We please where others fail

"See Sloan First."

J. M. SLOAN,

16 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

SOLE AGENCY

Queen Quality Shoes.

We give

Red Trading Stamps

also cash tickets which are redeemable in chinaware. Ask for them.

Wash Goods, Shirt Waists, and Dressing Sacques.

Remnant Sale of Wash Goods.

Ever since cotton dress goods began to sell last February, short ends and odd lengths have been accumulating until now we have enough to start the usual remnant sale. Remnant prices on everything, which means a great cut.

	Regular price.	now
Silk Albatross,	45c,	24c.
Flemish Lace Stripe,	35c,	18c.
Mercerized Lace Stripe,	35c,	21c.
Embroid. Swiss Lawn,	25c,	17½c.
Dotted Swiss Muslin,	18c,	10c.
Silk Chambray,	25c,	19c.
Corded Chambray,	18c,	10c.

Women's Shirt Waists.

We are conducting at the present time a great sale of Women's Shirt Waists. It represents purchases from makers who closed us out lots at big reductions.

Pretty waists made of fine Lawn trimmed with val. lace, full Bishop sleeve and high stock collars. $1.50 Values 98c.

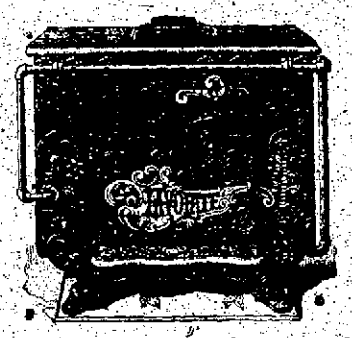
Fine white Persian lawn waists broad stitched plaits and bands of insertion in front, Bishop sleeves and high stock collar.

Worth $1.25 79c.

Dressing Sacques at Cut Prices.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

An Unassailable Position.



Favorite Gas Ranges hold that position which comes only through Quality. We absolutely guarantee them to you. Every detail of their manufacture has quality behind it. They are the best we know of; the best that anybody can make. As a result the Favorite Gas Ranges sell better and make more friends and customers than any other gas range on the market. Come in and see them.

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, July 23, 1903.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Shamrock III beat Shamrock I in a race held on Tuesday.

—Smethport and Olean cross bats at the latter place to-morrow.

—Sneak thieves are doing stunts in Mt. Jewett at the present time.

—F. E. Baldwin had a dwelling house destroyed by fire in Austin last week.

—Mt. Alton vs. Smethport Juniors at Kane field to-morrow (Friday) afternoon.

—P. M. Arthur of Cleveland, Grand Chief of the Brotherhood of Engineers, is dead.

—Company C of Bradford left this morning for Somerset, where they will go into camp.

—The highways in some parts of Liberty township are in an unusually bad state of repair.

—The new opera house in Port Allegany is in course of erection.

—Mrs. Laura Taylor has had a new sixfoot walk laid in front of her residence on Main street.

—Samuel Porter and wife have moved into the flat in the Reilly block over A. J. Warshofsky's store.

—Mrs. M. S. Sherman of Straight died in the Buffalo hospital recently. The cause of her death was typhoid fever.

—The Smethport Juveniles defeated a similar team from Port Allegany at Kane field last Friday afternoon by a score of 10 to 4.

—Speaking of peculiar and romantic names for towns, how does Loyalsockville suit you? Pennsylvania has a town with that name.

—The Epworth League of the Olean district will hold its fourteenth annual meeting in Port Allegany on Friday, Saturday and Sunday next.

—E. M. Cheeseman of Hazelhurst has purchased of Mrs. H. L. Burlingame a residence on the south side and with his family will reside here in the future.

—F. W. Millspaugh, a graduate of Warner's Business College, has accepted a position as stenographer for the International Construction Co. at Olean.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and at 8 p. m. A selection of anthems will be sung at the evening service.

—Charles Adams, negro, was lynched by a party of negroes for the usual crime, near Lake Butler, Fla., last Friday night. He was literally cut to pieces with knives and razors.

—The moving picture aggregation which was advertised to give an exhibition in the Lyceum last night did not appear owing to a bust-up in the company.

—In a race last Saturday the Reliance beat the Columbia by over two miles in the 30-mile race. The Constitution finished second, but was a mile behind the new boat.

—The dome of a boiler of an engine which was being repaired in the Pennsylvania Railroad shops at Olean, was blown off last Thursday and four men were injured.

—Austin and Smethport will meet on Kane field on Friday of next week in a league game. It is reported that Austin is coming over in full regalia and a very interesting game is looked for.

—The B., R. & P. Railway Company has commenced work on double tracking its road between Bradford and Ashford. New bridges will be constructed at Carrollton and Riversido.—Bradford Era.

—We are indebted to Dr. E. R. Baker and R. E. Burdick for an excellent Sunday dinner. A large muscallonge presented by them gave us a long looked for opportunity of enjoying a square meal.

—Joseph Gallagher of Bradford has sued the B., R. & P. Ry. Co. for $5,000 damages for injuries sustained while employed on that road as a brakeman, he claiming that he received his injuries through the negligence of that company.

—The Big Double Clothing House of "Ike" Simons, Bradford, has a new advertisement in this issue, telling of a big clearance sale which is now on. Any one who is going out of town looking for bargains will find them at this store.

—Four Bradford young men got into trouble at Celoron Sunday. They started a fight in a hotel and used a revolver, but no one was shot. Frank Spike, Edward Turner and John Egan were arrested on the charge of assault in the second degree.

—In lieu of any defense for the ill treatment accorded to visiting teams by the Austin rooters the Autograph devotes considerable space to "kidding" who had the hardihood to protest against such treatment. Two weeks ago the editor mildly criticized the actions of Austin rooters, but it seems "the gang" has forced him to "back up."

—There is a wealth of human interest in "A Daughter's Devotion" in which Miss Alma Stirling will be starred again this season under the management of Stirling & Cornell. Miss Stirling plays the part of "Lena Snyder," a quaint and thoroughly charming type of Pennsylvania Dutch girl, who on one day in the year dresses herself in the odd costume of her forefathers of the land of dykes and tulips, and sings the old Dutch dialect songs and dances the Dutch wooden shoe dances which have made her famous as one of the most charming of the younger character actresses in this country. Miss Stirling will have an entirely new production of the play this year and a very much stronger company than supported her last season.

—At Wildwood, N. J., a mammoth Gulf Stream rubber-back turtle, weighing 1067 pounds, and measuring ten feet, three inches in length and six feet, seven inches over the back was captured on Friday last. This species of turtle is seldom found in the North and is one of the largest of its kind.

—Attend the ball game between the Mt. Jewett High School and the Smethport Athletics at Kane field at 4 o'clock this afternoon. The Smethport Athletics are composed of the reserved players of the first team and other young ball players and a good game may be expected. Admission, gentleman 25c, ladies free.

—Benjamin H. Treat, a well known resident of Custer City, died at his home in that place Tuesday morning, after a brief illness of neuralgia of the stomach. The deceased was 79 years of age and was a carpenter by occupation. The funeral services were held at the family residence Wednesday morning and interment was made at Ceres.

—The wedding of Mr. Wilson W. Seymour of Grimsby and Miss Belle C. Koch, daughter of Mrs. M. L. Koch of No. 1 School street extension, Bradford, will be solemnized at the home of the bride's mother at noon Saturday, July 25. The many friends of Mr. Seymour in this section will unite with the Mirror in tendering congratulations.

—Saturday evening we saw an Italian walking down Main street with a watermelon balanced on his head and it did not seem to be any trouble for him to carry it in this way. We watched him for at least two blocks and the melon never as much as rocked on his head, although the Italian was walking along as carelessly as though he was carrying nothing. How many of our people in this section can perform the same feat?

—Harry Brogan was arrested last night on a charge of attempting to commit a criminal assault upon Elizabeth Ray of Custer City. Brogan was brought to Bradford by Constable Harrington and at a preliminary hearing before Alderman Osborne he furnished bail in the sum of $500 for his appearance at 2 o'clock Wednesday afternoon before the magistrate. James Ray, the father of the girl, is the prosecutor in the case. The alleged offense is said to have occurred on Wednesday on the main thoroughfare in Custer City.—Bradford Era. The case has since been settled.

Musical Death for Mosquitoes.

A New Brunswick, N. J., dispatch says: J. R. Thomas, leader of the National Cornet Band of this city, has discovered the musical note that is fatal to the mosquito. The band was rehearsing a rather difficult composition in A minor, in which there was a solo of eight bars for the first alto horn, played by Fred Nixon. The band is composed of amateurs and the highest note in Mr. Nixon's part in the composition was A above the staff.

"After several attempts, Nixon succeeded in reaching the note A, which on an alto horn produces about 960 vibrations per second," said Mr. Thomas. "He made it with great force. I had noticed five mosquitoes sitting on the ceiling, but the instant he reached A every mosquito dropped into the horn. Being curious to know the cause of their sudden fall, I took a powerful microscope and found that both the auditory and optic nerves were completely paralyzed, showing that if they had lived they would have been blind as well as deaf.

"Judging from this, I think there is no doubt the musical note fatal to the mosquito is the note A above the staff produced on an alto horn in the hands of an amateur. From rough calculations I think an ordinary amateur band ought to be able to kill off all the mosquitoes in the Newark meadows in three days."

The Land and Improvement Co.

The Smethport Land and Improvement Company is offering a number of valuable lots for sale on Bank, Ramer and Nelson streets at prices which should attract those wishing to own a home in Smethport. These lots are located most desirably for residences and the prices range from $50 to $200 each. The payments are on easy terms, with but a small amount of cash at the time of purchase. The amount you are paying in rent now would buy you a comfortable home in from five to eight years. Guy McCoy will cheerfully explain prices, terms, etc., to anyone who wishes such information.

Want $10,000 Damages.

The heirs of the late O. E. Connolly of Port Allegany have commenced proceedings against the Penn Tanning company for $10,000 damages, for alleged neglect, resulting in the death of the above named. Connolly contracted anthrax by reason of working around a vat without proper protection to his hands and the plaintiffs aver that the company should have warned him of the danger and to have also supplied him with rubber gloves. Mullin & Mullin of this city have been retained by the plaintiffs.—Bradford Era.

Notice to Delinquents.

Thursday, July 30, 1903 is the last day for paying mercantile and other State licenses. All licenses remaining unpaid on that date will be collected by suit.

A. W. Boyd, Treasurer.

A hand sprayer, 3 different streams. Vegetables, bushes, tall trees and washing windows; will reach 3d story.

J. C. Hamlin.

PERSONAL MENTION.

John Miller of New York is the guest of friends in town.

Miss Dewly Davis of Bradford is visiting friends in town.

Mrs. Esther Bush of Erie is visiting Mrs. F. C. Sartwell.

J. W. McCarty of Pittsburg is visiting his parents in town.

Percy Wilson of Olean was a visitor in town Monday evening.

Mrs. O. H. Barker of Bradford is visiting her sister, Mrs. M. L. Bisett.

Miss Agnes McCoy left this morning for a visit with friends at Straight.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Specht and children are visiting in Friendship, N. Y.

Frank A. Shelander of Kasson was a welcome caller at this office this morning.

Ed. McClure came up from Olean Saturday and spent Sunday with his parents.

Mr. and Mrs. John Forrest returned Tuesday evening from a fishing trip in Canada.

T. F. Quirk of Mannington, W. Va., is visiting relatives and friends in this vicinity.

F. M. Adams of Duke Center was a pleasant caller at this office while in town Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Brown of Hazelhurst were the guests of friends in town Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. E. McClafferty, who have been visiting in Bolivar, returned home Tuesday.

Roy Stark left Friday for Sharon, Pa., where he has accepted a position on the Daily Telegraph.

Thomas Todd of Port Allegany and Samuel Emery of New Castle were visitors in town Tuesday.

C. A. Dolley of Port Allegany had business in town Monday and was a pleasant caller at this office.

W. V. Provin, who has been visiting in town for the past week, returned to his home in Bolivar yesterday.

Dr. and Mrs. E. R. Baker and Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Burdick, who have been fishing in Canada, returned home last evening.

Communicated.

Smethport, Pa., July 20, 1903.

Editor of McKean Miner:

Dear Sir:—Mrs. Rebecca Kerns has been collecting money to clean up Rose Hill cemetery, where lots are not occupied, and in some cases where owners are living away and not able to attend to same. She has expended up to this date $39.00 for improvements. Said amount paid to N. D. and S. Rainer. She has received from various sources $39.07.

There are some graves in the cemetery which are sunken in, belonging to those whose friends are not living in this vicinity. Mrs. Kerns wishes to fill same and says it will cost about $1.00. She has pledged $2.00 from different parties who subscribed to her paper and have not paid same. If she raises this $2.00, $2.00 more are promised her with which to complete the work.

I have examined the account of Mrs. Kerns and find same correct. Mrs. Kerns has all the papers and will be glad to show them to anyone who calls.

D. C. Young.

Witness, Edith Young.

John W. Voorhees Successful.

After a great deal of effort and correspondence, John W. Voorhees, the popular druggist, has succeeded in getting the Dr. Howard Co. to make a special half-price introductory offer on the regular fifty cent size of their celebrated specific for the cure of constipation and dyspepsia.

Dr. Howard's Specific has been so remarkably successful in curing constipation, dyspepsia and all liver troubles, that John W. Voorhees is willing to return the price paid in every case where it does not give relief.

Call upon him at once or send 25 cents and get sixty doses of the best medicine ever made; on this special half-price offer, with his personal guarantee to refund the money if it does not cure.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending July 18, 1903:

D. F. Laine, Mrs. Frank Scott, L. Zellar, 3.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. Gallup,
Postmaster.

Carriages For Sale.

2 Nice Rubber Tire Runabouts.
1 Canopy Top Surrey.
1 Solid Panel Back Road Wagon.
1 Spindle Body Top Buggy.
Several second-hand Top and Spindle Seat Buggies.
Prices right.

A. T. Palmer.
Smethport, Pa., July 23, 1903.-3t

Carriages and Buggies.

E. T. Daly, the liveryman, has a new stock of carriages and buggies which he will sell at prices that cannot fail to suit you. They are Waterloo and other standard makes. If you want a good carriage or buggy now is your opportunity.

It's Almost Impossible

to believe that we can make your old Lawn Mower work better than new, but any of the numerous mowers repaired during the past week prove the assertion. Holmes & Gilfillan.

Star Cooler Separator

This consists of two cans, a can of the very best enameled tin being placed inside a heavy galvanized one for water.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

For Sale

A team of heavy work horses, harness and single carriage robes, etc. For further information inquire at this office.

WANTED—A girl for general housework. Inquire at residence of John N. Apple, West King street.

MONARCH SHIRTS — BANNER PATTERNS

FRY & HERZOG

DRY GOODS CARPETS MEN'S FURNISHINGS

SUMMER GOODS

PRICES NEARLY HALVED

Yellow Trading Stamps to Boot.

To put ginger into the July selling we offer this week remarkable values in worthy summer merchandise. Many of these specials were bought much under price just for this sale and are very desirable goods. We give actual original selling prices so it's easy for you to figure the saving in every instance.

50c Plain and Fancy Silk Mulls 28 inch.	Special @	29c
18c Lace Stripe Chambray 32 inch.	Special @	12 1-2c
100 Summer Net Corsets. Good styles.	Special @	75c
150 Shirt Waist Suits. Size 36 only.	Special @	$1.00
200 " " " " " "	Special @	1.50

25c Jersey Ribbed Under Waists for children. Special @ 10c
These have slight imperfections, scarcely perceptible in most cases. In no instance is the wearing quality impaired. They have good bone buttons and are well taped. 275 in the lot. Sizes 1 to 17 years.

Cambric Under Waists for children, sizes 21 to 27. Special @ 10c

FRY & HERZOG.

RUBEROID ROOFING.

The last order for more than a million square feet was placed by the United States for use in the Philippines at a price which was 16 per cent higher than the highest bid for their roofings. Has never had its equal for durability and efficiency.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN,
THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE.

Diamonds

and

Watches

are a good investment if bought right. I guarantee every piece that leaves the store will refund the money on demand if you can beat our prices, or are not satisfied with the purchase. My prices are the lowest. I live and let live.

At the present time I am showing an eleline of Cut Glass and Sterling Silver for wedding presents.

Strictly One Price. Goods delivered out of town.

Pritt, 7 Main St., Opposite Public Square,

Bradford, Pa.

Business

Affords better opportunities for capable, ambitious, energetic young people than any other department of human activity. The **Rochester Business Institute** has a national reputation for thorough work, and its graduates are in constant demand. Many times during the last year the managers were compelled to say to applicants for young men and women to fill genteel, remunerative positions: "Nobody to send—the supply is exhausted." Catalogue free. Rochester, N. Y.

CENTRAL

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL,

Lock Haven, Pa.

J. R. Flickinger.

PRINCIPAL.

The fall term opens September 7, 1903.

Free tuition to prospective teachers.

This high grade training school was never in better condition than now. The enrollment last year exceeded six hundred. Biological and chemical laboratories have recently been added. Fine gymnasium and athletic field. Sanitary conditions unexcelled. A large faculty of trained specialists. The school also contains a college preparatory department, business department and departments of elocution and music. The expenses are lower than those of any other institution of equal rank. Address for catalogue the Principal.

THE CLARION

State Normal School.

Furnishes Professional Training for Teachers. Prepares young people for college and offers excellent facilities for general education.

FREE TUITION for prospective teachers. Board, room rent and laundry for full term, 16 weeks, $49. Fall term opens Sept. 7, 1903.

For further particulars call on or address

Samuel Weir, Ph. D., Prin.
Clarion, Pa.

MARIA OF THE MAVERICK....

By ROTHWELL BROWN

Copyright, 1905, by T. C. McClure

Pecos Bill lay on the floor cursing a broken arm. Downstairs in the dance hall musicians were twanging their fiddles. The sound came through the boards to the boy. He was a tall, sun browned young fellow. His blue shirt was stained, and his boots were dusty. On the floor by him was his coat rolled up for a pillow.

The door opened, and Maria came in. She was a small girl. Her eyes were as dark as her hair, and her skin was of a rich olive color. She lighted a candle.

"I've been trying to get up to see you all day, Bill, but I couldn't. Where were you shot?"

"In the arm," growled Pecos Bill, "and it's stiff as thunder."

"It's your right one, too," said Maria.

"No matter; my left's just as good. But I've got to get it fixed somehow, and then I've got to go away. When that sheriff's convention finds out I'm here the crowd'll tear the town down to get me."

Maria bared the boy's broken arm, disclosing a round, purple wound, cut a bandage from her petticoat and bound it.

"I don't see how a little thing like that queered me so," said Bill. "It made me sick all over."

"Now fix my gun," said Pecos Bill. He passed it to her. "I suppose the crowd's all here by this time," he added while he watched her fill the chambers of the six shooter with cartridges. "Curse 'em, why couldn't they go some place else," he growled. "It wasn't my fault anyway. Graham was cheating, and he'd killed me sure if I hadn't got the drop on him first."

Maria clicked the gun playfully. "You'd been all right eef you hadn't got shot," she said.

"Guess I ain't any good any more," whined the boy. "Confound those sheriffs. I wish they'd hold their convention in Jericho."

Maria left the candle on the floor and opened the door. The crowd in the dance hall below was singing. There were loud laughs and the noise of booted men lining up at the bar. She crept down the stairs.

The dance hall was crowded. Dark skinned Mexicans and gayly dressed Mexican girls from across the river, cowboys and gamblers danced and chatted or patronized the games of chance. Three grave looking fiddlers played on a platform. Across one side of the long room was the bar.

Bob Cowan, who ran the El Paso Daily Maverick and was reputed to be the best judge of stock and booze in west Texas, and who was pointed out to strangers as "El Paso's next mayor," bought Maria a bottle of St. Louis beer, imported at great expense, and later danced with her to the admiration of all. Maria, whirling over the slippery floor, frequently glanced at the ragged rafters cobwebbed overhead.

"Know that fellow?" asked Cowan, pointing to a tall, loose jointed man. "Most prominent man in Texas today, bar none. Sheriff, empire builder, he is. Bill Sopes of San Antone, president of the sheriff's convention."

Maria danced and sang and enjoyed herself with the others until the sun came up. She danced often with Bill Sopes, her eyes shining, her loosened black hair falling around her face, and her white teeth glistening between her parted lips.

"Who's the girl?" asked Sopes, lounging up to Cowan.

Cowan glanced down the long room. Maria stood binding up her hair.

"Oh," said Cowan, "that's Maria Mexican girl. She's a typesetter on our paper. Ain't she a Jim Dandy?"

"She is," said Sopes.

At 7 o'clock Maria climbed upon her stool at her case in the dingy office of the Maverick and began to set type busily. She could not read English, but she knew the alphabet.

At noon Cowan wrote the story of the sheriffs' convention, then in session in El Paso, and dealt the "takes" to Maria and the other girls. Maria clicked the type merrily until suddenly she saw the only two printed words she knew—Pecos Bill. She found the big capital P with a haze before her eyes. Then she found the small letters, and the big capital B with the other small letters, and set them up mechanically, faint with fear.

The two words were near the end of the take. She finished it, thrusting the remaining bits of type savagely into their places and clinging by the heels of her slippers to the rung of the stool. Lunch time arrived. The girls filed out, followed by Bob Cowan, puffing at a black cigar.

Tommy remained. Tommy was foreman. He set heads, read proof, helped Cowan to "make up" the paper every day, and, when the proper time came, locked the forms and carried them to the press on his shoulder. Maria remembered a report, once current, that Tommy was in love with her, but she had never considered him seriously. He was always so drunk, or had just been drunk, or was in a fair way to become drunk, that she never had cared to go near him. It occurred to her that this was an exceptional case.

She slid from the stool with the stick of type in her hand, dodging between the rows of cases, until she came to the long, narrow shelf where were ink and roller, and struck off a proof.

Tommy was setting the head for the convention story, when Maria touched his grimy sleeve and smiled at him. "Please read this to me, Tommy," she begged.

Tommy took the proof. His eyes rolled wonderingly. "I want to learn to read, and I—want you to teach me," she explained. His face brightened under the ink. He gulped twice and read:

"The morning session was adjourned at 12 o'clock, with twenty-six delegates present. Bill Sopes of San Antonio, president of the convention, made the announcement that a reward of $500 had been offered for the arrest of Pecos Bill"—

"Dias mia," said Maria.

"—a well known and prominent citizen of this place, for the shooting of Harvey Graham near Sheriff Sopes' city some weeks ago. Our fellow townsman is not now in El Paso, although there was a rumor on the streets this morning that he was seen here early yesterday morning and that he was engaged in a slight difficulty with a stranger in a Utah street dance hall."

"Dias inia," cried Maria.

"There," said Tommy. He looked curiously at the girl, who swayed from side to side. She grasped his arm.

"They must be thrown off the track! Do you understand? Oh, Tommy, you will help me! Help me before they come back from lunch. You must set it up as I tell you."

Tommy followed her meekly and climbed upon her stool. "Word has just reached us," dictated the girl, laying her hand on the man's inky sleeve, Tommy swallowed hard and picked at the type.

"That Pecos Bill is in hiding at Plume's ranch, about twenty miles from El Paso. He was seen there this morning and was—and was slightly wounded in the arm."

"Eet'll sound natural to say he's wounded," she explained.

Tommy wagged his head. "You're a smart one," he said.

"Tommy, listen. I want you to put that in the paper right after the convention. And don't tell, Tommy."

"It'll cost me my job," said Tommy, with a husky voice; "but, Maria, I will—if you will give me a kiss."

Maria put up her lips without a word, and Tommy kissed her on the mouth.

She toiled through the afternoon, tortured by a thousand fears, until at last Tommy, mallet in hand, pounded down the last form and carried it to the press. The little machine rumbled, and the damp, sticky papers came out.

Maria washed, wound her mantilla around her head, seized a paper and went straight to Pecos Bill.

"Find the end of the convention and tell me what you see," panted Maria.

Pecos Bill spread the sheet on the rough floor and, raising himself on one elbow, read down the column. The fire of knowledge flashed into his eyes. "Why, I ain't out to Plume's," he cried.

She knelt down by the boy and put her arms around his neck. "I put that in the paper," she cried; "to lead 'em off, send 'em out to the ranch, so I can get you away."

He crawled to his feet painfully. His eyes were bright, and the blood was in his cheek.

"Get down, eef you'll!" snarled the girl. "Don't you know they'll see you?" She looked cautiously out of a window. Many bearded men were lounging on the porch of a saloon across the street. A rider dashed up to the group waving a newspaper over his head. The crowd listened while he read to them from the saddle. Then the men jumped for their horses. Maria went out.

When she came back she beckoned to Bill. He followed her down a side stair. He drank and went out. In front of the dance hall was a horse. The street was deserted. Pecos Bill was climbing painfully into the saddle when Bob Cowan, a crumpled copy of the Maverick in his hand, dashed up the street on horseback. His face was red with anger. Bill's gun was in his belt. Maria drew it out and pointed it at Cowan.

"Get down off that horse," she said.

Cowan dismounted, fuming with rage. "Somebody's sent the whole town away on a wild goose chase. If I knew who meddled with my paper I'd break his neck."

"I did eet," said Maria. "Throw up your hands."

Cowan stood by the horse, with both arms raised above his head. Maria grasped the bridle and swung herself into the saddle. "Hand me your gun," she commanded, still covering Cowan.

He gave his six shooter to the girl. "Now," she said, "everything ees all right."

"I'll get you for this, Bill," stormed Cowan; "and you, too, Maria."

"Just so it ain't now," laughed Pecos Bill, "I don't care."

Before them, through the struggling town, lay the road to Mexico and matrimony.

Too Realistic.

"There lived in my town," said a Connecticut man, "a poor, half witted man who made a kind of mania of his religion. He used to go every afternoon to a lonely field, and, kneeling there behind a bank of earth, he would pray at the top of his lungs for thirty or forty minutes at a time. Some of us boys would follow him now and then, hide on the other side of the mound and listen to him with wonderment.

"One afternoon he prayed about his sins. He vowed that he was the wickedest man that had ever been created. He declared that he deserved death. He begged the Lord to put an end to him by toppling over the embankment on him then and there.

"The ringleader of our crowd was up near the top of the mound, and at this point he shoved down on the kneeling man a great load of loose soil. Instantly the poor fellow sprang to his feet and ran away home.

"'It's an awful world, this,' he said to a friend later. 'You can't say a thing in fun but what it's taken in earnest.'"

THE MINER and TRIBUNE-FARMER one year for $1.50 IN ADVANCE.

"THAT ETERNAL ITCHING."

$5 for any case of Itching, Outward or Inward Piles, Old Sores, Scaley Head, Poison Oak, Eczema, or any Skin Disease that can't be cured with Dr. Zigg's Silver Leaf Ointment. Just try one box, by mail 50c.

DR. ZIGG MEDICAL CO., Bradford, Pa.
For sale by L. K. Hogarth and J. W. Voorhees

ONIONS AND LEMONS.

Said to Be a Protection in Cases of Contagious Disease.

When a boy I had often heard it said that the eating of onions and lemons was a protection against contagious diseases, and when about eighteen years of age I had an opportunity to test them for myself. I had spent the winter in the city of New Orleans, where, in the spring, yellow fever of a virulent type made its appearance, causing an urgent demand for nurses, and, having faith in what I had heard of the protective power of onions and lemons, I concluded to take what my friends called a ghastly risk and made application at the Common Street hospital for a position as nurse, was accepted and entered at once upon a line of duty, in commencing which I began the use of raw onions and lemons, alternating weekly with lemons, always taking them just before going to bed.

I took no other remedy, although medicine was provided every morning for all attaches. At the expiration of the tenth week I was no longer needed and left in as vigorous health as when I entered the hospital.

On taking my departure I was reminded by the head physician that his medicine had probably preserved my health. Nevertheless a number of nurses and attaches had died of the fever, despite his vaunted medical ability. Before leaving the institution I acquainted the doctor with the fact that I had not used his medicine, but had relied solely upon my onion-lemon treatment; when he said it was a wonder that it had not killed me and it it had that I had deserved it.

On another occasion I had a similar experience with smallpox cases in a northern city, finding the onion and lemon a perfect protection to myself and many of my associates.—Medical Talk.

THE BOY JOHN WESLEY.

No Evidence of Any Precociousness In His Religious Development.

Of the nineteen children born to Samuel and Susanna Wesley only ten survived the period of infancy, and of these only three were sons. John was thirteen years younger than Samuel and six years older than Charles. Of his early boyhood only one incident is recorded. On a February night in 1709 the rectory was burned. The family, hurrying out in terror, left the boy John sleeping in his attic chamber, and he was taken out through a window only an instant before the blazing roof fell in upon his bed. Wesley always retained a vivid recollection of the scene, and more than a half century later, when thinking himself near death, he composed his epitaph, he describes himself as "a brand plucked from the burning."

His mother deemed his rescue a providential indication that her son was preserved for some great work and resolved, as she says, to be more particularly careful of the soul of this child that Thou hast so mercifully provided for." There is, however, no evidence of anything precocious in the religious development of the boy, but only a certain stolid, overdeliberateness which he got from his mother, but which for the more mercurial temperament of the father seemed in a lad not yet in his teens half amusing and half vexatious. "Sweetheart," said the rector to his wife, "I profess I think our boy Jack wouldn't attend to the most pressing necessities of nature unless he could give a reason for it."—C. T. Winchester in Century.

Readiness In Excuse.

General Alexander McDowell McCook had a story illustrative of readiness in excuse which he used to tell occasionally. Some raw troops were drawn up for their first battle. They were on marshy ground, under fire, and sank deep in slush. One of the soldiers was noticed to be trembling excessively, and his fear might communicate itself to his comrades. An officer approached him.

"Here, you, what are you trembling for?" demanded the officer. "Stop it, or you'll demoralize the company. You are in no more danger than any one else. Don't be afraid."

"I-I-I am not-t-t a-a-afraid," chattered the soldier. "I-I-I had the ague last year, and—and standing still in this m-m-mud so long has b-b-brought it on ag-ag-again. W-w-wouldn't it-t-t be a g-g-good idea to r-r-run a bit-little and get warmed up?"

Philosophy.

"My son," said the sage, "it has been observed by many wise men, and even by fools, that enjoyment is rather in anticipation than in realization. The events to which we look forward most hopefully are apt to prove disappointing."

"But," said the disciple, "is it wise to anticipate disappointment and thus kill about the only chance of enjoyment we have?"

And the old man stroked his white beard and said he would think it over.—Puck.

Some Comfort.

The Friend—Yes, sir, I have run over nearly ten people with that automobile.

Friend—Did any of them escape with their lives?

"Oh, yes; but they'll never be the same again."—Life.

Rapid Action.

"Always think twice before you speak," said little Tommy's mamma.

"Gee, maw," he answered, "if you do that you must do some pretty fast thinkin' sometimes when you git to goin' for paw!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Before we bring happiness to others we must first be happy ourselves, nor will happiness abide within us unless we confer it on others.—Masterkick.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $2.00 IN ADVANCE.

The Worm Turns.

They were almost ready to start, and, like a good husband, Mr. Smoker waited patiently for his wife to put the finishing touches to her toilet. She was adjusting her hat and took a hat pin from a big cushion. Suddenly she exclaimed:

"I think it's a shame!"

"Yes, my dear," nervously assented Mr. Smoker.

"I mean the way these writers say that women sharpen lead pencils and open cans with their husbands' razors."

"Yes, my dear."

"Yes. Now, I never do such things with your razor, and I don't believe any woman does as the writers allege. I looked at your razor once when I had a box of sardines to open, but it was so sharp and so wabbly in the handle that I was afraid to use it. Besides, when I want to sharpen a pencil and have no knife I nibble a point on it."

"Yes, my dear."

"But if the writers wish to put something true in the papers why don't they go for the men who use their wives' hat pins for pipe cleaners? Ugh, you nasty brutes!"

Mr. Smoker forgot to say "Yes, my dear."—New York Times.

John Wesley's Shrewish Wife.

One of his biographers declares that if he had searched the whole kingdom the evangelist John Wesley would hardly have found a woman more unsuitable than she whom he married. She did not even confine herself to her tongue in her attacks. More than once she laid violent hands on him. "Jack," said John Hampson to his son, "I was once on the point of committing murder. It was when I was in the north of Ireland and I went into a room and found Mrs. Wesley fuming with fury. Her husband was on the floor, where she had been trailing him by the hair of his head, and she herself was still holding in her hand venerable locks which she had plucked out by the roots. I felt," continued Hampson, who was a giant of a man, though not one of Wesley's warmest friends, "I felt as though I could have knocked the soul out of her."—Everybody's Magazine.

Moorish Baths.

In Spain, while the Moors were in the ascendency, luxurious hot baths were established. They were used in connection with the religious rites of Islam. The Islamites were required to bathe frequently. The manner of bathing was as follows:

After undressing, the bather is wrapped in a woolen coat, sandals are put on and he walks to the hot bath. After a thorough hot bath all parts of the body are rubbed. The soles of the feet are rubbed with pumice stone, then the body is anointed with oil and sprinkled with perfumed powders.

When the Moors were driven out of Spain the first thing the people did was to destroy the Moorish bath houses. This was done because of religious prejudice against the Moors.

Three Curious Epitaphs.

In a cemetery near Dublin the following words appear on a tombstone:

"Here lies John Hurley, whose father and mother died while on their way home from America. If they had lived they would have been buried here."

The following epitaph adorns the tomb of a gravedigger in the Taibach cemetery in the south of Wales:

"Hurrah, comrades, parson is dead! If he had lived he would have buried all of us."

Here is another curious epitaph which was recently discovered. It marks the grave of an indefatigable smoker and contains only the following four words:

"My pipe is out."

Grant's Estimate of His Generals.

In Grant's estimate of the abilities of the generals of the armies, says an officer of Grant's staff in the National Magazine, I think it is safe to say that Sherman stood first. For John A. Logan he perhaps entertained the warmest personal feelings. His friendship for this brilliant soldier was very pronounced. General Thomas he considered a safe man and an indomitable fighter. Sheridan was one of his especial favorites. He considered this dashing soldier almost invincible.

Good Sense.

Good sense is a fund slowly and painfully accumulated by the labor of centuries. It is a jewel of the first water, whose value he alone understands who has lost it, or who observes the lives of others who have lost it. For my part, I think no price too great to pay for gaining it and keeping it, for the possession of eyes that see and a judgment that discerns.—Charles Wagner.

Making Allowances.

Bronson—I don't see why you should be so angry at your son for marrying. We have to make allowances for the young, you know.

Munson—Confound it, that's what I'm kicking about. I not only have to make an allowance for him, but now I'll have to make one for his wife too.—Kansas City Journal.

Where Financial Plan Fails.

"What we need is not a larger supply of money, but more highly developed forms of credit."

"That's just it. But do you know that sort of thing wouldn't go with my tailor."—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

An Anomaly.

The average young woman doesn't wish to see her thirtieth birthday. Yet when she has seen it she would like to see it again.—Smart Set.

Don't work so hard that when there is a funeral in the family your grief is tempered by the thought that it means a day off.—Atchison Globe.

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In good, reliable companies.

Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—Levi G. McCauley.
Secy of Internal Affairs—J. B. Brown

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—B. F. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; F. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mayo, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—S. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; L. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. F. Walsh, Smethport.
Comm'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Comm'rs—Walter Ostrander, Wm. Brodbeck.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; B. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—Alfred Hagberg, president; Miss Tavia Raymer, secretary; C. B. Mayo, treasurer; W. A. Ostrander, H. H. Redfield, J. H. Rooney, Chas. Johnson, J. W. Voorhees, N. D. Ramer
Justices—B. L. Knapp, R. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—E. K. Mayo, president; Theo. N. Apple, treasurer; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, H. W. Rubin, Oscar Engstrom.
Collector—Carl Sasse.
Assessor—J. A. Holder.
Auditors—G. H. McCoy, C. C. Choate.
Judge of Election—G. A. —ackus.
Inspectors of Election—C. D. Burlingame, F. F. Freeman.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 358, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
SAMUEL E. BELL, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 380, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work in fifty degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
WM. FUNERMON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets in the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. E. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first and third Thursday evenings each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall.
E. R. MAYO, Com.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Lodge, No. 185, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
H. C. WELLS, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Thursday afternoons.
MINNIE E. PEIRCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDEN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesday of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Church.
Mrs. MILLIE J. BEEVER, Pres't.
Mrs. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
SAMUEL GREEN, Pres.
MARY A. DENNING, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MRS. W. F. SPECHT, W. M.
MRS. L. T. COLEGROVE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
L. F. WILCOX, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches.

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord R. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional services at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saints' Memorial Chapel—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Colegrove.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

Pennsylvania

RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.
Time Table—Taking effect May 24, 1903.
TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday 9:12 a. m.
*Buffalo Mail, daily except Sunday, 2:34 p. m.

*Train leaving Smethport 2:34 p. m. connects at Olean with Chautauqua Division for Allegany, Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont.
Train 122, week days..... 11:09 a. m.
Train 126, week days..... 7:12 p. m.

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points south:
Train 121, week days..... 9:12 a. m.
Train 123, week days..... 2:34 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.
TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:20 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:03 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:05 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 6, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:25 p.m., New York 10:25 p. m., Baltimore 7:50 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

2:05 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:03 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:05 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:05 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:25 a. m., New York 9:53 a. m., week days. (10:38 a. m. Sundays). Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays, Dubois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:20 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and weekdays for Dubois and intermediate stations.

6:20 p. m.—Train 61, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Weekdays.

NORTH A. M. Lv.	STATIONS	SOUTH Ar. P. M.
9 15	Ridgway	12 05
9 60	Johnsonburg	11 40
10 17	Glen Hazel	11 27
10 19	Straight	11 18
10 30	Instanter	11 16
10 36	Smith's Run	11 09
10 54	Woodvale	11 02
10 40	Clermont	11 00
A. M.		A. M.

Connections are made with train 9, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:52 a. m., for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 7:50 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway 12:10 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 2:20 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

W. W. ATTERBURY, Gen'l Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

Bradford, Bordell & Kinzua Railway.

Time Card in Effect May 17, 1903.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

8:00 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford, connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. And for Jewett and Kane connecting at Kane with the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. for points south, and with the Penn'a. R. R. for points east and west.

10:15 a. m.—Train to Kane, Bradford and intermediate points, making close connections at Kane with P. & R. R. train No. 8 for Warren, Irvineton, Corry, Union City and Erie.

1:10 p. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford, connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. And for Jewett and Kane connecting at Kane with the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. for points south, and with the Penn'a. R. R. for points east and west.

Trains arrive at Smethport at 9:05 a. m., 5:40 p. m. and 5:00 p. m. daily except Sunday.

For tickets and full information call on or address B. J. Cummings, Ticket Agt., Smethport.

A. B. CAMPBELL,
Gen'l Passenger Agent,
Bradford, Penn'a.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Train Table No. 19. Passenger Train Schedule.
Effective May 24, 1903.

MT. JEWETT & SMETHPORT DIV.

p.m.	p.m.	a.m.		a.m.	p.m.
1:00	5:10	Lv	Mt. Jewett	ar	8:00 12:10
12:37	4:50		Ft. Pleasant		7:20 11:46 5:00
12:10	4:30		Hazelhurst		7:00 11:25 4:43
12:13	4:05		Mountaindale		6:50 11:15 4:31
11:52	3:50		Larson		6:35 11:01 4:16
11:28	3:27		Cones		6:18 10:47 3:58
11:22	3:20		Smethport		6:12 10:40 3:52
11:51	4:05		Smethport		7:00 11:39 5:37
12:00	4:20		Mill		7:00 11:26 5:24
12:00	4:25		Farmers Valley		7:00 11:26 5:24
12:14	4:45		Coryville		7:00 11:26 5:24
12:20	4:50		Larabee		6:50 10:55 5:10

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

D. F. MAHONEY, General Supt.
C. J. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt.
St. Marys, Pa.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY

Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. A.M.	Eastward A.M.	P.M.	STATIONS.	Ar	Lv Westward. Dp	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
8.05	7.05	2.10	Ulysses		7.20	2.25	9.10	
7.50	6.53	2.10	Crowell		7.27	2.32	9.19	
7.48	0	1.57	Carpenter		0	2.34	9.22	
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins		7.32	2.37	9.26	
7.37	6.45	1.50	New fld June		7.37	2.42	9.32	
0	0	1.45	Newfield		7.42	2.46	0	
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold		7.44	2.49	9.40	
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond		7.49	2.55	9.47	
6.43	6.23	1.24	Seven Bdg's		8.01	3.06	10.02	
6.40	6.12	1.20	Colesburg		8.04	3.09	10.15	
6.25	6.10	1.12	Franks		8.12	3.17	10.30	
6.15	0	1.05	N. Couds'pt		0	3.26	10.35	
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp.	Ar.	8.25	3.30	10.45	
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport.				P.M.	
6.20	7.45	12.15	Ar.	Dp.	8.28	6.00	1.20	
0	0	12.13	Hammond		0	0	0	
4.05	7.38	12.09	Olmsted		8.33	6.05	1.31	
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina		8.37	6.10	1.37	
3.45	0	11.59	Knowlton		0	6.17	0	
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette		8.47	6.21	1.51	
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville		8.54	6.28	2.01	
3.23	0	11.41	Coleman		0	6.34	0	
3.20	0	0	Crem. Wrks		0	0	0	
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany		9.08	6.40	2.25	
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp	Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	

0—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R. at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. Ry. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

E. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

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PRINCE CHARMING

By MARY SINTON LEWIS

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Clare Worthington sat before the fire in the great oak paneled library. She had tried to read, but her book had slipped, unheeded, to the floor, while her thoughts wandered to that evening a week ago when the man whom she was now awaiting had asked her to be his wife. She had begged for a few days in which to consider her answer, and, after a week of severe mental struggle, she that morning had mailed to him the following letter:

"My Dear Mr. Staunton—It seems best to write what I have to say, as I have an explanation to make without which I should not feel justified in giving you an answer. I was always a complete failure as an actress, and so my only safety lies in entire frankness. I trust it will prove best in the end for both of us.

"I am not in love with you, and it has always been a part of my creed that marriage without love is a terrible mistake. I have seen the girls with whom I have grown up make, one by one, what the world calls excellent matches. I, meanwhile, have clung desperately to my ideals and waited for the Prince Charming who should carry me off to his magic castle in Wonderland. But Prince Charming has never come. And now is it best to wait for him any longer? It is very doubtful whether he will ever come, and even if he did would Wonderland be a Wonderland after all to a woman of thirty-two years—or more? I think not.

"But I believe in marriage, and I believe in it for myself. I lead a busy, happy life, but I long for wider scope,

"SPRAGUE!" SHE CRIED DESPERATELY. "SPRAGUE!"

bigger usefulness, closer friendship. Above all, I need to be needed as only a married woman can be needed. And so I come to tell you that I will be your wife. You are too generous to misunderstand my motives or to think that I would consent to marry you if I could not give you complete honor, confidence, trust. I feel for you, too, a liking more cordial than I have ever felt for any one else—man or woman. Oh, we are good companions—are we not? Do you remember that first walk we took in the park and what fun we had—what sheer, unadulterated fun? A man and woman ought never to marry, I think, unless they enjoy each other, unless they have good times together. But you and I always do. And, do you know, I am only just beginning to realize what earnestness lies underneath all your merry boyishness?

"Oh, you will give me richly, richly all that I need, and I shall make you happy. I will make you happy. If I did not feel that, I would not marry you. You know that. So you will not be hurt about Prince Charming and we will bury him deep, deep—you and I. Who knows what spirit of peace and happiness may rise out of his grave?

"CLARE."

When this letter had slipped out of the girl's fingers into the box and she had heard the lid snap upon it she had felt as though an era of her life had closed. The old order had changed, yielding place to the new. But though she was sacrificing the ideals for which she had so stoutly fought, she knew that her motives were pure and her heart clean. It was her wisdom alone that she doubted. Even as she waited now to hear her lover's step upon the flags outside she was conscious of a vague fear, a vague yearning for the might have been.

A quick footstep in the hall startled her out of her reverie. She glanced at the clock on the mantel. It was not yet 8, and Sprague Staunton rarely called before half after 8. Then it flashed across her mind that this would be different from other calls—that he would be eager to reach her as soon as possible; that he would not sit there in the straight backed chair on the opposite side of the fireplace and talk with her with formal politeness, as he had always done before. He was coming with a lover's rights. He would take her in his arms—she felt herself trembling as the step in the hall came nearer. The maid entered with a note. Clare tore it open with fingers that shook:

"My Dear Clare—I cannot let you marry me. When I tell you this you will realize, perhaps, as you have never done, what my love for you means to me. I love you passionately, entirely, with all my strength, and that is the reason that I must give you up. Thank you—oh, thank you—for being honest with me.

"And wait, dear, for Prince Charming. If he never finds you, you will at least have been true to what is best in you. In being false to that, I am sure you would never find that wider scope and the bigger usefulness for which you long. Some would, in your place, perhaps, but not you. You see that instead of being a crusty old bachelor, as I ought to be, I am a young idealist still—but that is all your fault.

"I am going to drop in soon after my note reaches you just for a quiet goodby. I find that I cannot go away without that. There is a piece of work in London that must be looked after, and I am glad to take the chance of a sea trip. Faithfully yours,

"SPRAGUE STAUNTON."

As the girl finished reading the letter, the fire crackling noisily, threw a spark at her feet. She watched it slowly bore its way into the Persian rug, then flicker and go out. She realized with a start that she had not extinguished it. Rising she swept the hearthstone clear of ashes and arranged the fender to protect the rug. Stepping to the glass she pinned a stray lock of hair into its place. Then she sat down and tried to think. But her mind seemed strangely blank. Even the crackling of the fire annoyed her.

She could not have told whether she had sat there a minute or an hour when the maid brought her Sprague Staunton's card.

When he came in the room seemed to brighten. There was a sunshine about his personality which every one felt without quite understanding—this evening his face was unclouded. The girl looked at him and wondered. Was this the man whose letter lay on her lap?

"You got my note? Is it all right?" he asked her. She nodded silently.

Then, with a quick change of tone, "Thank you," he said, "and now I am off on a sea trip, old sea dog that I am. I can fairly smell the salt already."

"You ought to have been a sailor," she said, quickly responsive.

And so they talked of the trip, of his stay in London, of her plans for the coming winter—of everything save of the one subject that lay heavy on both their hearts.

When he rose to go Clare rose, too, and stood before him, her back to the fire. As the light struck sparkling up on his face she saw that his eyes were full of tenderness. But his voice did not break and the grip of his hand was firm when he bade her goodby.

As she heard his quick step ring along the hall the room began suddenly to swim round her. Her throat grew dry, her heart seemed to stop beating. In a moment the heavy front door would open and close again and Sprague Staunton would be gone out of her life forever.

Mastered by an emotion such as she had never known, she stretched out her arms blindly and called his name. She heard the front door open. Oh, if he should not hear! She forgot that she could recall him by a note on the morrow, forgot everything save that she was going from her and that she must not let him go.

"Sprague!" she cried desperately. "Sprague!"

In an instant he was beside her and had gathered her into his arms.

"I love you! Oh, how I love you—Prince Charming!" she whispered.

Chairs With Arms and Backs.

Chairs with high backs and arms, after coming into general use with the renaissance, began to be ornamented with an amount of carving and gilding that has hardly since been equaled, which came naturally from the artistic tastes of the period. Their size, form and the amount of decoration lavished on them indicated the rank, fortune, authority or social position of their possessors. Bishops and abbots had seats corresponding with their dignity, while those below them sat on stools or benches. Only the king and queen and persons of high rank could be seated on chairs with arms and backs in the time of Catherine de' Medici, and her sons, courtiers and favorites sat about them on stools called tabourets.

This manner of expressing difference of rank prevailed under Louis XIV. and his successors down to the French revolution. To the chairs elaborately carved succeeded the armchair, so called in these times, which, with unimportant variations, is much the same as in the reign of Louis XIV. Specimens of the stools used by the favorites and ladies of honor of the king and queen may still be seen in the royal palaces of France. They were changed into the modern parlor chair by simply adding a back, which has hardly made them more comfortable.

Photographing Lightning.

"To successfully photograph a flash of lightning," says an expert amateur, "the exposure must be made at night. This is the whole secret of success. When a thunderstorm occurs learn the direction of its approach and point and focus the camera in that direction. If a box camera is used no focusing is needed; if a cycle model is used focus at a hundred or more feet, the camera resting on a tripod or other support. Uncap the lens or open the shutter and, leave open until a brilliant flash makes its appearance within the field of the lens; then close the shutter or cap the lens at once, and you will find that you have a negative which upon development will give you a flash of lightning photo.

"Pay no attention to the minor flashes or to what is called sheet lightning, as both forms only add to the detail of your negative. Wait for the brilliant flash of chain lightning, and the river of light will with its great intensity photograph itself."

THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.

Only a Few of These Historic Trees Now Remain.

There are only about 400 cedars of Lebanon now remaining high up on the rocky slopes. Hadrian sculptured his imperial anathema against all who should cut these sacred trees, the Maronite peasants almost worship them and call them the "cedars of the Lord," and a recent governor of the Lebanon has surrounded them by a great wall so that the young shoots may not be injured by roving animals. Yet, century by century, their number grows less.

But if the cedars are few in number these few are of royal blood. They are not the largest of trees, though some of the trunks measure over forty feet around. Their beauty lies in the wide spreading limbs, which often cover a circle 200 or 300 feet in circumference. Some are full and symmetrical, with beautiful horizontal branches; others are gnarled and knotted, with inviting seats in the great forks and charming nooks on the thick foliage of the swinging boughs.

The wood has a sweet odor, is very hard and seldom decays. The vitality of the cedar is remarkable. A dead tree is never seen, except where lightning or the ax has been at work. Often a great bough of one tree has grown into a neighbor, and the two are so bound together that it is impossible to say which is the parent trunk. Perhaps the unusual strength and vitality of the cedars are due to their slow growth. When a little sprout hardly waist high is said to be ten or fifteen or twenty years old one cannot help asking, What must be the age of the great patriarchs of the grove? It is hard to tell exactly. By the aid of a microscope I have counted more than 700 rings on a bough only thirty inches in diameter. Those who have studied the matter more deeply think that some of these trees must be more than a thousand years old. Indeed, there is nothing wildly improbable in the thought that perhaps the Guardian, for instance, may have been a young tree when Hiram began cutting for the temple at Jerusalem.—Lewis Gaston Leary in Scribner's.

APHORISMS.

Habit is the deepest law of human nature.—Carlyle.

Good nature is stronger than tomahawks.—Emerson.

Tale-bearers are just as bad as tale-makers.—Sheridan.

Almost always the most indigent are the most extravagant.—Stanislaus.

Those who complain most are most to be complained of.—M. Divary.

True gentleness is native feeling heightened and improved by principle.—Blair.

He that thinks he can afford to be negligent is not far from being poor.—Johnson.

Persistent people begin their success where others end in failure.—Edward Eggleston.

He who commits injustice is ever made more wretched than he who suffers it.—Plato.

A friend that you have to buy won't be worth what you pay for him, no matter what that may be.—Proclice.

Some Formal Correspondence.

A matter of fact sacristan of the cathedral of Berlin once wrote the king of Prussia this brief note:

Sire—I acquaint your majesty, first, that there are wanting books or psalms for the royal family. I acquaint your majesty, second, that there wants wood to warm the royal seats. I acquaint your majesty, third, that the balustrade next the river, behind the church, is become ruinous.

SCHMIDT,
Sacrist of the Cathedral.

The reply of the king was not that of a "gracious majesty." Its stiff formality in imitating the style of the sacristan probably was not taken by the receiver as complimentary to him:

I acquaint you, Herr Sacrist Schmidt, first, that those who want to sing may buy books. Second, I acquaint Herr Sacrist Schmidt that those who want to be warm must buy wood. Third, I acquaint Herr Sacrist Schmidt that I shall not trust any longer to the balustrade next the river. And I acquaint Herr Sacrist Schmidt, fourth, that I will not have any more correspondence with him.

FREDERICK.

Absent Minded Lord Derby.

Lord Derby could be very absent minded, and once on a time he walked with Lord Clarendon, his opponent, and told him all the secrets of the cabinet. Lord Clarendon listened amazed, but thought it too large an order when he was asked for his advice. It was not for him to counsel his political foes. At this intimation Lord Derby woke up, saying, "Really, I thought all the time I was talking to a colleague." He had continued hardly recognizing the fact, a controversy he had been having with other ministers at the foreign office. Of course Lord Clarendon honorably preserved the cabinet secrets, but he told his story against Lord Derby and made a laugh.

His Mistake.

Gushington—I wonder what's the matter with Starr, the tragedian. He never notices me any more.

Critick—Didn't I hear you tell him his style was very much like Booth's?

Gushington—Yes. But surely—

Critick—That's where you made your mistake. You should have said Booth's style was like his.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Quite Frail.

First Girl—Those stockings are a lovely color. Are they fast?

Second Girl—If you had seen me yesterday when I met a cow you would not have asked that question.—Houston Post.

"Some men," said Uncle Eben, "will put in weeks prayin' fo' rain an' den kick cos dey happens to git deir feet wet."—Washington Star.

ANTHONY

By TEMPLE BAILEY

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The Misses Hildreth never spoke of Anthony's pedigree. There was a certain flavor of the stables about the word which offended their nice taste.

"His ancestor was Antonio L.," Miss Anne would say proudly. "The blue ribbon winner at the bench shows."

Anthony had never won a blue ribbon. In fact, he had not been entered. Charles, the butler, had advised against it.

"He'd never stand it, ma'am, his nerves are that shaky," he had said to Miss Angeline.

But when he took Anthony for a walk he met Tam the trainer. "What ails the cur with that nose?" he had asked disdainfully, and Tam had nodded wisely.

"But, there, I wouldn't tell the old ladies that there wasn't any chance," Charles had said.

For the world of the Misses Hildreth revolved around Anthony, and they fought off the monotony of their gray lives by an absorbing devotion to the little Skye with the banged hair.

One morning in front of the brownstone Hildreth mansion stood a modest cab, while before an upstart yellow brick apartment house across the way waited a victoria, with a crest on the door and cockades on the hats of coachman and footman. Charles helped Miss Angeline into the cab. She was going to visit a cousin at Newport. She embraced Miss Anne and kissed Anthony on the tip of his aristocratic nose.

"Take care of him, Anne," she said as she was driven away.

As Miss Anne turned to go in the house there swept into the Victoria opposite an individual—a lady, the unthinking might have called her. But in spite of the borrowed crest and stolen cockades, Miss Anne knew that nowhere in the blue book of New York was there the name of a person who wore a ring on her thumb.

The fat, red face of the person peered out eagerly. "That's a darlin' dog," she said. Then the good natured creature bowed effusively to Miss Anne, but Miss Anne looked calmly over her head.

"Who is that person?" she asked Charles.

Charles did not know, and Miss Anne, with a shrug of her sloping shoulders, trailed up the stairway.

All that day Miss Anne and Anthony sat by the window in an upper front room. Miss Anne embroidered, and Anthony lounged on his white covered table and was bored to the point of extinction. Outside the sun shone and the wind blew with alluring freshness. Within all was darkness and quiet and inaction. And Anthony was young! What rebellious plans raged in his bosom will never be known, but that night the Hildreth mansion was the scene of a tragedy.

Bedtime came, and Miss Anne, with her soft, gray hair in decorous curl papers, laid herself down in the stillness of the big room. Anthony's basket was in a dressing closet close adjoining. For hours everything was very, very still. Miss Anne slept soundly, with her little, soft, old face on her little, soft, old hand, and dreamed the dreams that come to such sweet saints.

"Anne! Anne!"

Wide awake in a moment, Miss Anne groped for the matches, and at once a faint glow showed the wonder in her old face.

"Who called?"

She slipped out of bed and went to the door. The hall was solid with blackness. She listened—only the far away hum of downtown noises.

In the ominous stillness came the thought, Why had not Anthony waked? She pushed the door of the closet open and listened. But no gurgle of contented doggish sleep came forth.

Anthony was gone!

For a moment the little lady stood dazed. Then she ran through her room to the hall and down the stairway. As she reached the bottom a square of grayish white light faced her. The front door was open!

Miss Anne's nervous fingers played across the buttons on the wall, and lights flared up all over the house. Then the bell connected with Charles' room whirred in the distance, and presently Charles came down in a limited costume of slippers and long coat.

"Anthony's gone," said Miss Anne, and she wept.

Charles examined the door. "That Mary came in last. It's her carelessness," he declared.

There was no more sleep for the household that night. Only a weary vigil, and all the next day Miss Anne wandered from window to window, until at last she crept to the door to welcome her sister, and the slender little women fell on each other's necks.

"I woke in the middle of the night," sobbed Miss Angeline, "and called you."

"I heard," said Miss Anne solemnly, "but it was too late."

Charles looked over the heads of the little ladies at Mary, the housemaid. Then he winked and tapped his forehead significantly.

In the ghostly stillness of the old parlor the tale was all told, and the two lonely little women sat down to face the loss of the one interest in their barren lives.

But meanwhile—Anthony?

By morning he was miles away from the brownstone front. The days went on, and gradually the glory of his yellow white floss departed. At times he went hungry, and his round sides became mere hollows, but in his eyes was the sparkle of a care free spirit. Back of him was the dim room with its confining white covered table, ahead of him sunshine and freedom. But dark days came when he was driven, lame and thirsty, from place to place, and one morning the light went out of his eyes, and he lay on a path in the park, his ears alert for the sound of menacing footsteps.

All at once there came down the road a victoria. In it was the lady with the red face, who motioned the driver to stop.

"There's that darlin' dog."

She held out an open box of biscuits. "Come, doggie," she pleaded. And the prodigal, tired at last of the husks, trotted forward. The footman lifted him in, and he sat with his dirty paws on the fawn cushions and ate of the fatted calf.

When the carriage reached the familiar street the footman was ordered to hold Anthony tightly.

"It would kill them sweet old darlin's to see him so dirty," said the kind hearted person. So the small dog was carried into the gorgeous apartment and scrubbed and perfumed and decorated with a distracting pink bow. Then the red faced lady led herself to the brownstone front.

Charles took her card up.

"The person from over there," he said discreetly.

The backs of the two little ladies stiffened.

Charles hesitated. "She said she had some news."

The eyes of the old ladies centered with one accord on a black draped basket on a white draped table.

"Anthony!" they exclaimed and fluttered downstairs.

When they reached the drawing room, however, and the vulgar awfulness of the person was revealed, they stiffened again.

But the red faced lady swept forward and put both of her fat hands on Miss Anne's protesting, patrician shoulders.

"I've found your darlint dog," she said.

What was a thumb ring or distinctions of caste at such a moment? The frail blue veined hands of the little women clasped the pudgy digits of the red faced lady, and their well bred voices were almost shrill as they asked their breathless questions. Possibly Charles was sent across the street to meet halfway the cockaded footman, and between them they brought in a perfumed and prodigal canine, who barked excitedly and licked the faces of the old ladies as they hung over him.

At last Miss Anne sank down on a sofa, her cheeks flushed, her eyes bright, her gray hair flying about her ears.

"Get him a chop, Charles," she commanded.

The red faced lady interposed. "He's stuffed already," she said inelegantly. The little ladies shuddered.

"He ought to get out more," advised the person. "You let me take him. I'm that lonesome sometimes that it seems as if I couldn't stand it." In her voice was all the wistful longing of the once busy woman to whom wealth has brought unwelcome leisure.

Before the eyes of the little ladies flashed a vision of Anthony in the victoria beside the vulgar, red faced lady. But with their other fine qualities they possessed the gentle one of gratitude, and without apparent hesitation Miss Anne responded:

"We shall be glad if you will take him."

Then Miss Angeline made another effort:

"My sister and I will give ourselves the pleasure of calling on you soon," she said.

The face of the person shone with delight, for a calling acquaintance with the Hildreths was a consummation to be desired.

But that night when Anthony was snoring in his basket Miss Annie bent over him and sniffed:

"Musk!" she said, with a shiver of disgust.

"And a pink bow," quavered Miss Angeline.

They opened their windows, and the fresh night air blew in. Then they crept into bed to listen blissfully to the deep drawn breaths that issued from the depths of the little closet.

Canine Courtesy.

"Dogs have their captains and commanders in the chase, and they follow their leaders in a way that shames the practices of men at times," said the man who is fond of the hunt. "Really, I have often thought that man could profit a great deal by going to the dog for examples of virtuous conduct, and I'm still inclined to believe that his civic virtues would be strengthened somewhat by a closer observation of the good there is in the dog. Going to the dogs is used in reproach. Living as some men live is infinitely worse. Some men have all the dog's faults without showing any of the dog's virtues. But I was thinking of the captains and commanders in the chase. Dogs pay each other fine courtesy if they are good dogs and well trained. The dog who would run ahead of the dog who is the accepted and acknowledged leader of the pack or who would show him the discourtesy of crossing the line of pursuit ahead of him would be disgraced, damned and shunned by its fellows. The leader is to be followed. Dogs behind him may be fleeter of foot. But he is the leader, and that settles it. And, my, how sensitive some of these old dog leaders are! How jealous they are of their rights! I have seen them quit the chase because some green member of the pack crowded in ahead of them. They would simply quit the trail, get in behind their master, and that would be the end of their frolicking that day. Dogs are great fellows when you come to know them."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Antiquity of Hospitals.

Many centuries before the Christian era there existed in India and Ceylon institutions which performed the functions of hospitals (Real-Encyclopadie, Eulenburg). They were built and maintained by the Buddhists. In the Scripture there is a mention of what the Hebrews called Bethesda, but this was nothing more than a few rude huts in the neighborhood of a mineral spring supposed to have healing properties. According to Lecky ("History of European Morals"), the first hospital was founded by a Roman lady named Fabiola, about the fourth century, at Rome. Soon after another hospital was founded by St. Pammachius, and another by St. Basil at Cæsarea. During the crusades numerous hospitals arose in all parts of Europe. San Spiritu, built by Innocent III., was erected in 1204 at Rome. The first hospital in England was built by Lanfranc, archbishop of Canterbury, in 1080. The first hospital of any size erected in America was the Pennsylvania hospital in Philadelphia, begun in 1751, by Dr. Bond and Benjamin Franklin.—Philadelphia Medical Journal.

The Emperor and the Mandarin.

The favorite horse of the Chinese emperor, Tsi, having died through negligence on the part of the master of the horse, the emperor in his rage would have run that functionary through with his sword. Mandarin Yentsi, however, parried the blow, saying:

"Sire, this man is not yet convicted of the crime for which he deserves to die."

"Well, then, tell him what it is."

"Listen, you scoundrel," said the minister, "to an enumeration of the crimes which you have committed. First, you have allowed a horse to perish which the emperor has intrusted to your safe keeping. Moreover, it is owing to you that our sovereign became so exasperated that he was on the point of killing you with his own hand. Lastly, it is your fault that he was about to disgrace himself in the eyes of everybody by killing a man for a horse."

"Let him go," interrupted the emperor, who understood the lesson. "I pardon him."

Horses of Celebrated Men.

It is generally known that Napoleon's white stallion, the horse he rode at Waterloo, was named Marengo and that Wellington's charger in the same battle was Copenhagen. The latter lived to be twenty-seven years old. The remains of Marengo are preserved in the Museum of the United Services, London. Do you remember the names of any of George Washington's horses? In nearly all of the Washington statues the Father of His Country is represented as on horseback, but what is the name of the animal he bestrides? Richard III. owned White Surrey, and it was for that splendid animal that he cried when he shouted, "My kingdom for a horse!" William III.'s favorite horse, Sorrel, had one eye. Suvoy, the black horse of Charles VIII. of France, also had only one eye.

When Carlyle Pinched His Wife.

A volume by the late Anthony Froude, the historian, tells this story of Carlyle and his wife, who lived on notoriously bad terms, the latter dying first: "Carlyle found a remembrance in her diary of the blue marks which in a fit of passion he had once inflicted on her arms. As soon as he could collect himself he put together a memoir of her, in which with deliberate courage he inserted the incriminating passages of her diary, the note of the blue marks among them; and he added an injunction of his own that, however stern and tragic that record might be, it was never to be destroyed."

One Cause of Deafness.

"Deafness is often caused by the violence with which people blow their noses," said a New York specialist in eye and ear diseases. "There is an intimate relation between the aural and nasal passages. You sometimes feel it when you are bathing and get your nose full of water. Then you will find more deafness in localities where the residents are subject to catarrh. In the straining attendant on blowing the nose persons stretch the eardrum. Sometimes they burst the membrane. I have handled many cases of this sort, where deafness came suddenly after a heavy cold in the head."

Making Up.

"Miss Ethel is a long time coming down," said the youth to the servant after waiting some time for the young lady's appearance. "Perhaps," he added, with a laugh, "perhaps she is making up her mind whether to see me or not."

"No," said the servant, with an icy smile; "it is not her mind she is making up."

A Change of Name.

Boothby—What are you thinking about, Ethel?

Miss Warringford—About our wedding. I wanted to ask a favor of you, Boothby.

Boothby—Anything, dearest.

Miss Warringford—Well, I don't want to change my name to Mrs. Henry Boothby. I want you to change yours to Mr. Ethel Warringford.

Thinner Then.

Barber—Hair's very thin, sir.

Customer—It was thinner than that thirty years ago.

"Indeed, sir, you surprise me! Why, you don't look more than thirty now, sir."

"Thirty yesterday."

Favorable Indication.

"Miss Charmington says she is very fond of animals," remarked Bliggens' sister.

"Perhaps there's hopes for me, then," said Bliggens. "She called me a brute the other day."—Syracuse Standard.

Laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes him.—Franklin.

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BATH ROOMS ATTACHED.

POPE LEO XIII PASSES AWAY.

(Continued from first page.)

as in mental qualities that had ever been elevated to the papal throne.

As the head of the Catholic church the achievements of Leo XIII. are memorable. Even those not in the Roman communion freely admitted his greatness, while to the devout Catholic he was the personification of goodness. He was both statesman and priest, and his views, like his ambitions, were of the widest. His services as papal nuncio at Brussels gave him that stamp of the diplomat which never left him. In close touch with the affairs of many nations, his extraordinary memory, his fresh and earnest interest in the doings of the world, made his contributions to passing history of peculiar significance and value.

In America the late pope seemed to take an especially vivid interest, which was evinced in wise counsels to his people in this country on many occasions. To the republican form of government he showed himself a good friend upon more than one occasion. In his encyclicals on socialism is seen how his sympathy for the struggling and aspiring masses was balanced by his fine sense of the necessary order and stability of society. His refined intellect, his simplicity of life, his unaffected piety, all exalted to eminence by his extraordinary career, made him an inspiring personage even to those who did not recognize him as a spiritual ruler and teacher, and Protestants as well as Catholics mourn his death.

The story of the pope is an exceedingly simple and pretty one. He has been—though the pontiff, as it is called, of the most ancient ecclesiasticism in western Europe—an excellent citizen of our later world. He has been a good magistrate, a superior pastor, a gentleman and, it may be added, a prince. He was a prince in nature before he was either cardinal or pope.

From the time he was elected pope the city of Rome has been in the occupation of the king of Italy and has indeed been the political capital of Italy, the laws of that kingdom paying no attention to the previous laws and formalities which the secular state supplanted. But the influence of the pope as a spirit of education and of light has extended to the most remote portions of the world.

Above all other popes, and somewhat beyond his own record in earlier life, Leo XIII. has been a liberal politician. He has hailed the future rather than deplored the loss of the past. He has been one of the captains in the movement for universal education and has striven to make education and morals confide in each other. Not a single scandal from Rome in his papacy has been conveyed to the world. He has shown a friendly disposition to the world and could himself take place in almost any learned faculty or congress and hold his own in general knowledge with scientists, belles-lettres men and doctors.

Elected pope in February, 1878, he was then almost sixty-eight years of age, and he had been for thirty-two years the archbishop of one quiet city, Perugia, which once belonged to the papal states, but stood high among the old Italian republics or feudalities for its painters and men of gifts. This region, generally called Umbria, produced the highest triumphs of art in Raphael. In Perugia and its province the archbishop was as distinctly the foremost citizen or subject as the late Phillips Brooks undoubtedly was in Boston or Henry Ward Beecher in Brooklyn.

He was born at a mountain town in the Apennines, not far from Rome, called Carpineti, on March 2, 1810. To this little place of about 5,000 people his ancestors had been expelled from Siena about 350 years before. They were nobles in Siena, but had taken part against their countrymen when the Medici of Florence resolved to conquer and annex Siena. This independent republic, inspired with passionate hatred against Florence, made a memorable defense, but the odds were too strong.

Retiring into the state of the church, the pope's family, named Pecci (pronounced Petchi), formed new friendships, and the pope's father was a count who either volunteered or was drafted into Napoleon's service when he overran Italy. The pope's mother was a countess, who brought property to her husband.

They lived in what is called a palace in Italy, a large building rising from the rocks, two stories and an attic high, with towers and terraces about its base. It appears that the pope during all his life has known no want, but has enjoyed a private revenue such as a gentleman of noble descent would be apt to have in any country who had kept his estates.

He was born after the French republicans had overrun Italy and been everywhere victorious and the greatest change had taken place not only in the Italian people, but even in the priesthood.

The pope himself, Pius VII., had been taken captive from Rome to France and was only returned to Rome at the fall of Napoleon in 1814. He restored the Jesuits, who were the secular schoolmasters within the church, but they had fallen under the hostility of several of the kings and been for some time suppressed. Upon their return they opened schools and gave the city of Rome something of its old clerical and literary character.

In 1817 the late pope's mother took her sons to Rome and the next year put them at school at Viterbo, a city on a hill but a few hours' carriage ride from Rome. This lady belonged to one of the orders of the Franciscans and when she died was buried in their brown cloak and cord. Her death was nearly at the same time with that of Pius VII.

The next pope, Leo XII., branched out as an educator. The Jesuits' college was opened in Rome in 1824 with 1,400 students, and among these were the two Pecci boys, of whom Joseph was a Jesuit. He was three years older than his brother. These boys went home to their mountain town on holidays, and the pope was an active hunter and lover in the mountains. Rome was to them like any American city to a family which lived in the neighboring country and spent the winters in the city.

The name of the pope was Joachim Vincent Raphael Ludovico Pecci. He always went by the name of Vincent Pecci until at a certain period after his mother's death, when he became generally known as Joachim Pecci.

He became fluent in the Latin and wrote verses and orations in it and gained prizes. After his mother's death he lived with his uncle in the Muti palace in Rome. He somewhat knew Pope Leo XII. and chose his papal name with reference to that prelate.

He matriculated in 1830, graduated a doctor of theology in 1832, which was the time that he adopted the name of Joachim, and he entered the diplomatic class in the university called Sapienza or Wisdom, in Rome. Among his friends and classmates were such nobles as Duke Sforza of the old Milan lords.

He was acquainted with Leo, as well as with Pius VIII., who lived but a short time, and then came Gregory XVI., in whose household he was one of the prelates.

He first attracted special attention during the cholera in Rome in 1837, when he was twenty-seven years old. He had nerve in an unusual degree and his intrepid services among the cholera stricken people marked him among the more timid ecclesiastics as a man who could be of use to them in the dangerous condition of the country.

Made a full priest in the Church of St. Stanislaus, in Rome, Joachim Pecci was made at the age of twenty-eight governor of Benevento, a small state in Naples about seven miles square and only a day's journey from that city. Benevento had given the title of Prince of Benevento to Talleyrand, the celebrated French diplomatist, who in his early life had been a Catholic bishop.

The little state was full of reactionary guerrillas and brigands. The young ruler went there under the general expectation that he would be the victim of violence. Fortunately for him, he was almost immediately taken ill with the typhoid fever, and his death was supposed to be certain. This calamity softened the nature of the people, and they began to talk about this intellectual young priest who had exposed his life in Rome to the pestilence. Instead of antagonizing him they formed processions and went to public prayers in his behalf, and when he recovered it was looked upon as in the nature of a miracle.

They were mistaken, however, as to his worldly force.

There lived in a mountain fastness in the state a celebrated brigand named Pasquale Colletta, who had a band of fourteen murderers, and they had committed every species of offense. The priest governor laid his plans well and one day the people were surprised to see come into the town, manacled and under guard, the chief of the band and every one of his myrmidons. In spite of their threats, promises and penitence they were executed.

Pecci now turned his attention to the lawless nobles who had countenanced such trespasses, and when one of these undertook to browbeat him and threatened to go to Rome and have him recalled the governor said, "Marquis, before you get to the Vatican you shall pass through the castle of St. Angelo." This was the state prison at Rome, and its name was ominous.

A feeling grew that this young man had special powers with the pope. Evil doers hastened to get out of his territory or make their peace.

He searched the lawless castles, began to build good roads, examined and lowered the taxes, made the collection of the revenue effective, and thus spent nearly three years making an orderly state out of a most disorderly one.

Pope Gregory now recalled him to Rome and appointed him governor of Perugia, where he will always be remembered as one of the wisest men who ever took charge of her fortunes. This city stands near Assisi, where is the monastery founded by St. Francis. It was full of Mazzini's revolutionary societies.

The object the papal authorities had was the suppression of these plotting spirits by Pecci, but he commenced in a different way.

Finding that the city was on a high mound or cone above a plain or marsh and had a road to it so steep that no vehicle could climb it without the aid of many yokes of oxen, the new governor set to work and in twenty days built a graded road up the height, over which in a little while rode the pope, much to his wonder and satisfaction.

The pope was so delighted with his young engineer governor, then aged thirty-one, that he said as he left a number of presents to be distributed, "I will remember you, my friend, when I get to Rome."

In the meantime Pecci founded a savings bank in Perugia and himself subscribed largely to the stock and began to set up excellent schools. The people felt that a friend and not an enemy had come among them.

Just as he had accomplished remarkable things in that city the pope resolved to send him as nuncio, otherwise minister, to Belgium, which had not long before been separated from Holland by a revolution and created into a new monarchy. Belgium had only been free from Holland about thirteen years. The people were Catholics, while those of Holland had been Protestants. Other than church differences existed between them. The Dutch were unimaginative and penurious and hard taskmasters. The Belgians had an antiquity of turbulent freedom and loved the arts and joys.

At thirty-three Archbishop Pecci, as he now was, appeared in Brussels accredited to King Leopold, who was the uncle of the royal family of England. An interesting account of his gentle yet democratic intercourse is to be found in the "Life of Charles Lever," the novelist, who at that time lived in Brussels and was writing some of his novels. He and the future pope became warm friends. So did the king and queen take most cordially to the nuncio.

He busied himself mainly in rearing up the Catholic schools and universities of Belgium, which had gone into a decline. His acuteness on political affairs was such that Leopold one day said to him, "You are as clever a politician as you are a bright churchman."

Always moderate and always learning, Archbishop Pecci was also active for his church and raised money in Belgium to found a college in Rome to educate the priests of that country.

Before he returned to Rome in 1846 he visited London with letters to Victoria and Albert and was by them well entertained, and he mingled among the best people in England and took close observations upon the country. This species of intercourse no doubt broadened his mind and made him see that the modern world could not be reduced to the haggard outlines of Italy.

From London he went to France and paid a visit to Louis Philippe, who was dangerously near his fall.

When he got to Rome Pope Gregory was dying.

Pecci was well acquainted with Cardinal Feretti, who soon became Pius IX., and that pope made him archbishop of Perugia at the age of thirty-six. Nearly at the same time the new pope granted a general amnesty for political offenses and was for a time regarded as a man of liberal intentions.

It was fortunate for Archbishop Pecci that he could retire to a distance from Rome in the mountains toward Tuscany and exercise his prerogatives without becoming involved in the rising political passions at the Eternal City, where very soon Mazzini, Garibaldi and others revolutionized Rome and formed a triumvirate of dictators and had to stand a siege by the French, at the close of which the pope was so heartily frightened that he revoked his liberal dispositions.

Retired to a city of about 60,000 people, the archbishop of Perugia, as has been said, lived there thirty-two years, or down to the year 1878. He was a universal reader, and among the wise saints in the Catholic age he chose St. Charles Borromeo as a man to imitate, the giver of his riches to alms and education. He thereupon gave his mind to the study of education in Perugia.

He made up his mind in the first place to educate his clergy thoroughly, and to see that their habits were industrious and pure. Next he set upon the education of the upper classes, many of whom were contemptibly illiterate. Finally he came down to the children.

At one time the revolutionary elements in Perugia arose, and a conflict took place between them and the papal troops, who were of all nations, Swiss, German, Irish and even American, and the populace was worsted.

The archbishop surrounded himself with friends of like tastes with his own favorable to education and sincerely desirous of seeing morals made voluntary. He had been received in the city when he returned there the second time, with a magnificent demonstration. As the ruler, both ecclesiastic and civil, he inhabited the palace upon the public square, which had on one side of it the city hall and on the other the cathedral.

In 1854 he was made a cardinal, and this entitled him to take part in the selection of future popes.

Glancing back for a moment at these dates, we will see that the pope was born in the year after Gladstone, that he became a full priest near the close of General Jackson's administration and that he became archbishop of Perugia at the time of our Mexican war.

His habits did not differ at any time. He was remarkably laborious, of a spare frame, with a high, capacious forehead, a large mouth, a full, long and expressive nose and an expression of thorough refinement, purity and acuteness.

Being a nobleman of the best class of Italian descent and of a nation immemorially ardent for knowledge and loving the arts, he was also destitute of sourness and had convictions without being opinionated.

None could impeach his private life. He was ever accessible to his priests and to those people who required him as a spiritual friend, but he also had high spirit and when browbeaten disclosed something like a military power within, and he could use indignant words. He was too worldly wise to be cheated, too discreet to commit himself in either word or deed except as his judgment and conscience were touched, and after the Italians in 1860 overran his state they found that he was a difficult man to handle in that he kept on the side of intelligent public opinion.

In short, he was a pope in spirit, representing the antiquity and authority of the church long before it was probable that he would fill the pontifical chair. He rose to this distinction at last by having deserved it.

Though it is probable that he was not unmindful of the honor and influence of that great office, he knew too well that to reach it in this dangerous age he must deserve it by a combination of character, of courage and of wisdom.

In 1866 the French troops were withdrawn from Rome, and the pope was left to such an army as he could himself create. The Italians, however, six years previously had overrun Sicily and Naples, annexed Tuscany and other states, and finally Venice, and were determined to occupy the papal states.

At this time Cardinal Pecci addressed the priests in words which should be common to all churches, saying:

"The moral conduct of the priests is the mirror into which the people look to find a model for their own demeanor. Every shadow, every stain, is remarked by the vulgar eye, and the mere shadow is enough to make the people lose their esteem of priestly worth. It is impossible that a priest who lays himself open to such reproaches or suspicions, who has the name of being self-indulgent, interested and of irregular living, should give forth that fragrance of a pure life, that sweet odor of Christ, which witnesses to our worth and to our doctrine. The two great means which the Divine Master declares to be indispensable in our high ministry are holiness and knowledge."

In 1869 he made an effort with the king of Italy to rescue poor clerical students from the military conscription. "The burden of military service," he said, "must inevitably fall on all young men who have devoted themselves to the clerical career. We are deeply saddened by this: we are frightened by the thought that so many parishes will ask us for pastors while we shall have none to give them; that so many pious populations will ask for the food of Christian instruction and the comfort of the sacraments, and that no one will be found to minister to them, and that, such a state of things continuing, there is nothing to prevent religion from dying out in these country places for the very lack of hands to cultivate it."

The government now sequestrated nearly all ecclesiastical property, seizing upon the residences of the bishops and the church revenues and making exceptions where it saw fit.

At one time bloodshed was threatened in Perugia, when the archbishop came upon the scene and by his courageous and calm interposition prevented a conflict. He pardoned all the malcontents who had been put down in 1859. When the Swiss garrison of Perugia undertook in 1860 to resist the Sardinians the cardinal in vain attempted to prevent a battle. He was unable to prevent the execution of one of his officials, who was shot by a court martial for having borne arms.

Soon civil marriage was commanded, with penalties to parish priests for interposing. In 1862 he was sued because he had admonished some of his priests who had subscribed a cordial address to a republican priest leader.

He issued an address against modern spiritualism, saying that "religion and morality must condemn the use of these mysterious agencies, whatever truth might be in them, by unprincipled, irreligious and interested persons."

A pastoral letter that he wrote on the temporal dominion of the popes, defending their right to their territories, called special attention to him as one of the champions of the church:

"Let us say nothing of the august right, consecrated by eleven centuries of possession of the most ancient and venerated of European monarchies. If such rights are not sufficient to insure respect then there is no kingdom, no empire, in Europe which may not be destroyed. It is false that any Catholic holds the temporal dominion to be a dogma of his faith. Such an assertion can only have come from the ignorance or the wickedness of the enemies of the church. But it is most true and must be evident to any intelligent mind that there is a very close connection between this temporal power and the spiritual primacy."

In 1861 the Italian minister of worship demanded that the clergy renounce their allegiance to Pius IX., when Cardinal Pecci wrote a joint letter to the pope, standing by him.

He protested against the confiscation of the mountain monasteries, which would yield no revenue to the king and turn into the world a parcel of helpless ecclesiastics.

When he was made cardinal the prince imperial of Germany was present among many distinguished strangers, and when he came back to Perugia all the people turned out to congratulate him. Especially did the Umbrian academy receive him with a literary entertainment. He gave a splendid feast, and the city was illuminated.

When his silver jubilee came around in 1871 and the pope sent his congratulations the Italian military authorities stood back, really liking the cardinal. In 1877 the pope held his fiftieth anniversary or jubilee as a bishop.

The Italian parliament, sitting in Rome, brought in a clerical abuses bill, but Pius IX. fulminated against it and the government.

The pope now made Cardinal Pecci camerlingo, or viceroy, of Rome when the pope should be absent, and this of course raised the highest expectations as to his future promotion, for he had but one step more to go.

Pope Pius IX. died Jan. 7, 1878, and the next day King Victor Emmanuel died in the Quirinal palace in Rome.

In some parts of the world it was advocated that a new pope should not be allowed to be elected. Cardinal Pecci altered the old habit of having the pope's corpse lie in the Sistine chapel, where the people would have thronged within a limited area and perhaps called for the interposition of the police.

Cardinal Pecci set 500 men to work to prepare a place for the conclave to meet and at once closed this conclave to the outside world. Ten days were allowed to expire after the pope's death, according to rule. On Sunday, Feb. 17, the devotions were concluded by a pontifical mass, and the next day everything was ready for the conclave.

But the Quirinal palace was now in the hands of the royalists. Sixty-one cardinals met on Monday morning in the Pauline chapel, only three in the world being omitted—one French, one Irish and one American (McCloskey), the latter being on his way.

Papal elections in the remote past had often been interfered with by the house of Bourbon and others. On this occasion there was no interference.

The second day the door of the conclave's improvised chamber was locked on the inside and the outside and every portion of the inclosure examined "to see that there was no communication with the world."

Cardinal Pecci had a kitchen within the inclosure and cooks and servants ready. Each cardinal sat under a canopy, with a small square table and writing materials before him. Then with folded paper the ballots were dropped into a consecrated chalice. From this chalice they were counted into another one.

On the first ballot there were twenty-three votes for the viceroy, Cardinal Joachim Pecci.

The balloting papers were burned, and at the sign of the smoke issuing from the stovepipe in a window the crowd outside knew that no pope had yet been chosen. Cardinal Pecci retired to his cell.

Then came an afternoon session. The cardinal himself voted secretly, like the rest. He sat in great distress and responsibility. Persons present say that great tears rolled down his cheeks and that when he undertook to write his ballot his hand shook so violently that the pen fell to the ground.

This time he had thirty-eight votes, but not enough.

Everything pointed to the probability of his election on the next day, Wednesday.

That day Cardinal Pecci undertook to check the movement toward him, but the third ballot came on, and forty-four votes were recorded in his favor, more than two-thirds.

The master of ceremonies went up to his seat and asked him, "Do you accept the election as supreme pontiff of the Catholic church?" He arose and affirmed his unworthiness. At length, however, he bowed.

Then at a clapping of hands all the cardinals rose and stood in homage, and the canopies above all their seats were lowered except that above the pope elect.

"By what name do you wish to be called?"

"By the name of Leo XIII."

The pope elect was now taken aside and clad in white cassock, cincture, rochet, hood and berretta and even stockings. His shoes, however, were scarlet, with a golden cross upon them. He advanced from behind the altar to his throne.

The fisherman's ring is put upon his hand. The cardinals come up and kiss his feet and receive his kiss upon their cheeks. This is called the "adoration."

An aged cardinal advances upon the piazza and declares to the multitude: "I announce to you tidings of great joy. We have a pope, the most eminent and most reverend Joachim Pecci, cardinal priest of the title of St. Chrysogonus, who hath given himself for name Leo XIII."

The bells of the churches rang, but no cannon thundered as aforetime, and there was no illumination, though some individuals illuminated their palaces.

Perugia was in delight.

The pope's term has been unusually active, as might be supposed from the diminution of his temporal or prince powers. He has given his active head to corresponding with the churches in all nations. As the Italians preferred their national policy to the pope's interests, he has not been as provincial an Italian as his predecessors. His friendly and reciprocal hand has been felt in distant countries, heralding the necessity of Christianity, which he considered to be his, or the church to human society, he said:

"Let every member of Christian society reform his own conduct and outward manner of living." He made cardinal Frianchi his state secretary, the chief of the propaganda, and sent him to Ireland to keep the National party there loyal, peaceful and orderly. Franchi died suddenly, and Cardinal Nina succeeded him. The pope spoke of being "compelled to see beneath our eyes in this Rome, the center of the Catholic religion, the progress made by heresy, heterodox temples and schools built freely and in great number."

The pope addressed himself to the good will of Bismarck, who really held Italy up. The Italian government sold the property of the propaganda and put the church catechism out of the primary schools. Many pilgrims, however, came to Rome bringing gifts. Leo made a peace, rather recklessly broken by his predecessor, with the emperor of Russia, and some of the grand dukes came to see him. He sent crosses to Asiatic rulers and softened their natures. Deprived of some barren mountains and miasmatic plains, he cultivated far abroad the amenities of society and the human heart not all depraved. He made a hierarchy for Scotland, shrewdly saying in the tone of Walter Scott, "The remains still extant of church offices, monasteries and other religious structures bear splendid testimony to the piety of the ancient Scots." He stopped the silly feuds between various kinds of ruffian Christians in the Turkish parts and gave this confidence to Cardinal Dr. Walsh in 1885, and Mr. Parnell was unable to lead the Irish cause after his socials.

In Germany eminent Catholics like Dr. Dollinger and Prince Hohenlohe, both of Bavaria, attacked the new doctrine of infallibility as encouraging rebellion against the civil rulers under Jesuit interpretation. Italy was then the ally of Germany. What was called "the old Catholic church," or Jansenists, was built up to pen in the Jesuits. The word "kultur kampf" or Bismarck's conflict against sixteenth century Catholicism, was invented. Bruno, the priest philosopher and friend of Galileo, was given a statue in Rome where he had been burned. In 1873 the Jesuits had been driven out of Germany by Bismarck. But the pope saw the political influence his friends could wield by organization in the German parliament, led by Von Windthorst, and he extended to Bismarck the hand of friendship, which disarmed him.

The pope was actually chosen by Bismarck for mediator between Germany and Spain over some forsaken islets in 1885. Leo gave Spain the sovereignty and Germany a naval station.

Such has been the influence on the better angel of the Vatican, whose active and brotherly spirit wore itself out visiting and assisting his fellowmen.

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